

A Cat may look on a Queen:

O R, A

S A T Y R

O N H E R

Present MAJESTY.

Attempted by

J O H N D U N T O N,

Author of the Satyr on King *William.*

The Second Edition.

To which is added,

A Distinct Account of the several
Jewels in the Crown of *England.*

L O N D O N :

Printed, and are to be Sold by John Morphew,
near Stationer's Hall. M DCC VIII.

2. August.

A Carriage Book for a Quarter

OF A

SATYR

ON HER

PROFANE MASTERY

Attributed by

JOHN BAYTON

Author of the Satyr on King William

46
The second Edition.

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A Distinct Account of several
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LONDON

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T O
Her Present M A J E S T Y,
Queen A N N E.

Great M A D A M,

THE *late Addresses* from all
Parts of the Kingdom, de-
scribing Your Majesty for
one of the *Best of Queens*, has exci-
ted all the *Spight and Disloyalty* I
dare own, to try if I cou'd find one
Blemish in Your *Royal Person*, or
Government.

It has been question'd and argu'd,
Whether it were better to live un-
der a *Tyrannick Government*, where
every Suspicion is made a Crime,

A 2

every

To the QUEEN.

every Crime Capital; or under an *Anarchy* (such as the *Tackers* lately endeavour'd to introduce) where every Man may do what he list; and it hath been long since over-rul'd, That it is much better to live under a *bad Government*, than none.

How far Your Majesty's Administration has deserv'd to be *Satyriz'd*, I have look'd into, ever since the *Pinacle-Gentlemen* fell to tacking the *Occasional-Bill* to the *Land-Tax*, the more artificially to embroil the Nation, and make Way for a *Sham-Prince*: And what Success I had in the Search, will appear by the following *Satyr*, which I here present to Your Royal Hand; for a *Cat* may look on a *Queen*. And if *Mrs. Puffs* may be so honour'd, I presume my Sex may be admitted (at least) to an equal

To the QUEEN.

equal Privilege with that purring
and contemptible Animal.

I own (*Great Madam*) 'tis, on several Accounts, dangerous to look with *Satyrical Eyes* on a living Monarch; and I shou'd be afraid of this *matchless Boldness*, were I not assur'd, that all those *Rays of Mercy and Forgiveness*, &c. that are diffus'dly scatter'd in Your Majesty's Subjects, are all concenter'd in Your Royal Breast. But tho' (as the *Dissenters* observe) '*All the Goodness and Moderation we find in the Kingdom, has its Vigour and Life, if not its very Original in the Queen of England*; yet I can't help *Satyrizing* Your Royal Vertues, for my Talent lies in finding of Faults; and I scarce think 'twill be counted *Treason* to tell the World, *Your Majesty is no Angel*; or were Your
Ma-

To the QUEEN.

Majesty that *Glorious QUEEN*
Your very Enemies (*as well as Your Friends*) declare you to be ; yet I
shou'd thereby be still under the
greater Necessity to *Satyrize Your*
Royal Person and Government ; For
who can (*Rightly*) behold the Beauties
of the Sun in a fair Day? Men
by gazing on that glorious Luminary,
with too much Light, are blind ;
and therefore, if in this *Satyr* I
han't done Justice to Your Crown
and Dignity, 'twas because I cou'd
not *view 'em (distinctly)* for their
dazling Splendour. However, I
have here ventur'd to *Look on Your*
Majesty's Person and Reign, and
nothing has 'scaped my *Satyr*, which
wou'd bear the least Shadow (*or*
Reflection) of Dishonour to the *Soul*
or Body of Queen ANNE.

To the QUEEN.

I suppose 'twill be a hard Matter to beat an *ill Opinion* of Your Majesty into the Minds of those Noble Patriots, who (lately) sav'd the Nation by *Anti-Tacking*; and by their Loyal Addresses, tell the World, Your Majesty has '*The True Art of Governing (which consists in acquiring Reverence and Love ;)* That You maintain the Church of England without persecuting the Dissenters, and by Your Pious Life, give us abundant Matter, to fill the *Annals of a Glorious Reign*,----- But all this (tho' Matter of Fact) does but further excite me to try what *Flaws* I can find in Your Majesty's Conduct; and, as my Design is a *general Satyr* on Your whole Life, I enquire of Persons that stand in the *Royal Presence*, and where the least Defect does appear, I turn all the Venom
of

To the QUEEN.

of my Ink and Soul to expose it,---
Or when (*in the following Satyr*)
I've narrowly search'd into Your
Majesty's Reign, and nothing is
squeez'd out that can (*tho' but Co-*
lourably) blacken Your Spotless
Fame, I call for Eyes to penetrate
into the *very Recesses of Your Royal*
Soul ; and if that be White and In-
nocent too, I fall to tax even Your
Piety and Wisdom.

This (*Great Madam*) is what I
attempt in the following *Satyr*, and
tho' 'tis a hard Matter to *walk*
evenly on the Borders, and very Ridge
of a Subject, whose next Step is
Treason (or may be made so by an
Inuendo) yet there's no Law will
hang a Man for speaking the Truth;
and if *John Tutchin* was pardon'd
for daring to petition for the *Fa-*
vour (as he exprest it) of being
hang'd,

To the QUEEN.

hang'd, I hope my *Loyal Intention* in this *Satyr* (as bold as it looks) will meet with the like Treatment. And I have yet the greater Hopes of Your Majesty's Pardon, as I am a *Clergyman's Son of the Church of England*, a *Church* Your Majesty has so remarkably favour'd, and are such a *Glorious Defender* of. However, we live in a Reign where *Truth does not pass for Treason*; and shou'd I write the most *bitter Invectives* against Your Majesty, if I assert nothing but *Truth*, Truth alone will protect me.

Thus (*Great Madam*) I have here ventur'd (for a Stroke or Two) to swim out of my Depth, to take a *View* of our Royal Pilot; but, if to propagate Loyalty (*save in this Satyr*) be to fear God, and

B

ho-

To the QUEEN.

honour the Queen, I hope I shall be then safe, and within the Compass of Duty.

I shall (only) add, I have here set *Your Majesty's Reign, &c. in a New Light*, and found such (*Invisible*) Faults in Your Conduct, as no Man ever saw but my self. And if my *Satyr* has but Merit enough to obtain Your Pardon, 'tis all I can hope for: To deserve the Honour of a Smile from so *Illustrious* a Patron, wou'd be as much as cou'd be expected by a *Congreve* or *Addison*.

I might proceed to those *Royal Secrets*, which are here *Satyriz'd*, but I have presum'd too far already: Then (*Great Madam*) forgive the Boldness of this *Satyrist*,
who,

To the QUEEN.

who, tho' he Looks on Your Majesty's Person, &c. (to see what Faults he can find in it): yet is he, with all possible Loyalty,

Great Madam,

Your Majesty's

Most Dutiful, and

Most Obedient Subject,

J. N.

To the Queen

who, tho' he look on Your Ma-
jesty's Mother, (to let what
Faintness can in it) yet is he
with all his Majesty

On the 14th

John Milton

Wm. Brouncker

Wm. Brouncker

1674

A Cat may look on a Queen:

OR, A

S A T Y R

ON HER

Present M A J E S T Y.

THERE is no Nation (or Person) how Great or Polite soever, but hath some *Original Failing*, which their Neighbours, either out of Caution or Emulation, censure. It is the *Victory of a wise Man* to correct, or at least belie the Censure of these Failings. Thereby one acquires the glorious Renown of being singular, and that *Exemption from a common Fault, is the more esteem'd*, that no Body expects it. 'Tis as natural for Men to Err, as to be. 'Tis only (a) *he that is without Sin, may first cast a Stone at the Woman taken in Adultery*. But tho' all Men (*from the Prince to the Beggar*) digress in all the Ways of their Lives

(a) John 8. 7.

Lives (even Life it self is nothing else but Digression) yet some will say, *A Satyr on Queen Anne* will be too gross a Matter to slip down any Man's Reason, who had not before (*like a Tacking Protestant*) enlarg'd his Swallow with plain Contradictions. But my *Talent* (as I own to Her Majesty) *lies in finding of Faults*; and I an't afraid to assure the World, our Sovereign Lady is no Angel, but a *Woman*, a Monarch in Petticoats. 'Tis true, '*She is Great, Just, and Merciful*, and every thing else that Grace and Heroick Vertue can make her; and 'that all these Vertues are as *bright and universal as the Sun*; but if *Hypparchion* (for which he was struck blind) cou'd find Motes in the Sun it self, I may hope to find as many Faults in *Queen Anne's* Reign, as he found in that *spotless Luminary*. Sure I am, *Perfection* is too absolute for Her present Majesty. I own, that the *Three Years of Her Government* has exceeded the whole Reigns of all Her Predecessors (I'll not except the *Glorious William*;) and that She'll ne'er be equall'd by any King that shall hereafter succeed to the *English Throne*: But, were Her Majesty *Perfect*, yet it must be acknowledged, that *Kings and Queens must see and hear by the Eyes and Ears of other People*; and that *Error and Mistakes are the close Attendants of Majesty*; and as Princes are often misled by those about 'em; so when they are *dead* (for this is the first *Satyr* upon an *English Queen* that ever was writ in Her Life-time) even *Pages of the Back-Stairs* dare Satyrize Crowned Heads.

The

‘The Royal Diadem is not so solid and-daz-
 ‘ling, but a fix’d and sharp Eye may *Look thro’*
 ‘it, and see its *Spots* and *Blemishes* in the
 ‘very Noon of its Glory. ’Tis true, the pur-
 ‘blind People (which can’t see into the Secrets
 ‘of Princes) are much amused and stricken
 ‘with the *little Glitterings of Honour*; they lift
 ‘up their Hands and Eyes, and are elevated;
 ‘they adore and worship the *Queen*, but they
 ‘know nothing what Turmoils and Difficul-
 ‘ties perplex Her. (a) *Royalty*, is a very great
 ‘Obligement, and a glorious Servitude; and he
 ‘that shall well consider all its Burthens, wou’d
 ‘not so much as stoop to take up a *Diadem* ly-
 ‘ing on the Ground. Her Majesty being sensible
 ‘of this, told the Lords in Her first Speech,
 ‘*That She was extreamly sensible of the great*
 ‘*Weight and Burthen the unspeakable Loss of the*
 ‘*King brought in particular upon Her Self, which*
 ‘(She is pleased to say) *nothing cou’d encourage Her*
 ‘*to undertake, but the great Concern She had for the*
 ‘*Preservation of our Religion, and the Laws and*
 ‘*Liberties of England.* — Thus far the Queen.
 By which She seems to allow, that *Mistakes*
 and *Errors* might probably attend the *Weight*
 and *Burthen* of Empire; and, for that Reason,
 nothing but *Love to Religion and Her Native*
Country, cou’d encourage Her to fill the Throne.
 But, alas! the dim-lighted Vulgar do not see
 the

(a) See a Confirmation of this (and more to the same
 effect) in my *Satyr upon King William.*

the Thorns and Thistles that attend Crowns, for those *little Beams of Glory* which surround them. *Sydonius Appollinarius* relateth, That a certain Man, called *Maximus*, being arriv'd at the Height of Honour by unlawful and indirect Ways, much griev'd from the first Day, and breathing out a great Sigh, spake these Words, '*Oh, Damocles, I esteem thee most happy to have been a King only the Space of a Dinner-time. It is now a whole Day that I have been so, and can no longer endure it.* And as old Fathers die to make Room for Posterity, so *Chance* quits (not only Kings and Queens) but even *States* themselves, that from *their Ruins new ones may arise*. 'Tis no *Treason* (tho' Satyr enough) to say, That neither Kings nor States stand long on the *high Tower of Glory*, but stealing (as we do) fall away; their sprightly Vigour (*like a full blown Rose*) droops and decays; they suddainly contract Distempers, grow diseased, and finally sink down into the Grave of their own Ruins. The *Babylonian* and the *Persian* Monarchies died of a Surfeit; then the *Macedonian* of seditious Quarrels, in the Humours striving to be predominant; *Greece* of a Meagrim; *Carthage* is first was caught with an unruly Fever, which at last degenerated to an Ague, and was seconded by Death. The *Purple* of Princes is well colour'd and splendid, but often-times it is lin'd with Nettles and Brambles. And as the *Splendor* of a Crown is subject to a Thousand Hazards, so the *Person* of a King (or *Queen*) is subject to many Errors; and for that Reason I shall here Satyrize Queen
Anne;

A Satyr on Queen Anne.

5

ANNE, for tho I own Her Merit, yet I won'd lessen it all I can, and shall tax even Her Vertue, where I find nothing else to Satyrize.

I own 'twou'd be thought a great *Presumption* (for a Person of my Low Station) but to attempt a *Panegyrick* on our Sovereign Lady, as her Subjects call her the *Best of Queens*; what then will they say of my daring to Write a *Satyr* on this Great Princess, and that too in her Life-time? But a *Cat may look on a Queen*, and having Satyriz'd her *Royal Brother*, * I resolve to blacken her Present Majesty, so far as I can do it with Justice to *Truth*, and the Laws of the Land.

'Tis a known saying, *A Cat may look on a King*, and for the same Reason (bating the greater respect which is due to a Princess, as she is one of the Fair Sex) *A Man may look on a Queen*.

The Cat which looks on a King † does Satyrize the English Monarchs (from *William the Conqueror* to *James I.*) and I shall be as bold in finding faults in the Present Queen, and I am like enough to succeed in the Scrutiny; for it is the usual misfortune of every thing that hath been much talk'd of, always to come short of the Perfection that Men have Imagin'd to themselves; *Reality can never equal Imagination*, seeing it is as difficult to have all Perfections, as it is easie to entertain a Notion of them; since desire is the Husband of Imagination, it always *Conceives* much more of things than they are in Effect; how great soever Perfections may be, they never *match the Idea* we

* King William the Third. † There is a Book Entituled, *A Cat may look on a King*.

have of them: But whether this be the Case, with respect to the Fame and Vertues of Queen ANNE, must be left to the following Sheets to determine.

Before I come to a *Down-right Satyr* on Her Majesty's Person and Government, 'twill be necessary I tell the Reader, that hearing the *Bishop of Exeter* shou'd say, (a) *That the Queen was always, when in Her most private State, an Example of Goodness and Piety; and since Her Accession to the Throne had been an Illustrious Instance of it.* — *Bishop Fowler* (b) *That the Queen's Royal Grandfather (the blessed Martyr) cou'd not bear a greater Affection to the Church of England than she does.* — *Dean Sherlock*, (c) *That 'tis in vain for any Prince to affect an universal Empire while Queen Anne sits upon the Throne.* — *Dr. Brady*, (d) *That the Queen is one under whom we may hope to experience an amicable Composure of those differing Opinions, which however trivial and insignificant in themselves, yet serv'd to rend and divide us into Parties and Factions* — *Mr. Knaggs*, (e) *That there is so near a relation between the Queen and her People, that it is utterly impossible the People shou'd be happy, except the Queen be so too.* — *Mr. Bromesgrove* (f) *That our most Renowned*

(a) *In his Sermon preached before the Queen and both Houses of Parliament, at the Cathedral Church of St. Paul's, Novemb. 12. 1702.* — (b) *The Lord Bishop of Gloucester's Sermon on the General Thanksgiving* — (c) *The Dean of St. Paul's Thanksgiving Sermon Preach'd before the Queen, Sept. 7. 1704.* — (d) *In his Sermon on occasion of the Death of our late King* — (e) *Mr. Knagg's Sermon Preach'd in Knight's-bridge Chappel, Sept. 7. 1704, being the Thanksgiving-day.* — (f) *Mr. Bromesgrove's Sermon on the Day of Thanksgiving, September 7. 1704.* —

Queen

Queen Anne; is the great Protectress of the Protestant Cause through all Europe—— Mr. Williams, (g) (a Dissenting Minister) That She's a Glorious Queen.—— Mr. Goodwin, (h) That Her Majesty succeeded King William, not only in the Throne, but in the kindest Expressions of Care and Favour extended to all Her Subjects—— Mr. Piggot, (i) That the Queen was a Nursing Mother to all the Reformed Churches—— Mr. Robinson, (k) (As if the Dissenters would outvie each other in praising Her Majesty) That we had got a Queen of unblemisht Vertue, and whose Heart was entirely English.—— And Mr. Norris (l) tells the World, The Queen's Character does fall nothing short of the most Extraordinary Persons of Her Sex (and adds) That Her Important Life, ought to be a constant Petition in our Prayers.

This Glorious Character (given both by Churchmen and Dissenters) fill'd me with flaming Desires to see that Royal Person whom the Clergy so greatly admired; and 'twas not long before I had my Curiosity gratify'd, for (Reader) the better to enable me to write *A Satyr on Queen Anne*, I went on purpose to Look (or rather gaze) on Her Majesty as she went to St. Paul's to return Thanks to Almighty God for the Glorious Victories obtained last Year over the French and Bavarian Army at Hocksted, &c. Had Robin Stevens seen me this Day, with what eager and stedfast Eyes I beheld the

(g) In his Thanksgiving Sermon for the Success of Her Majesty's Forces, Preach'd at Hand-Alley, Novemb. 12. 1702.—

(h) In his Sermon Preach'd on the Death of King William the Third.— (i) In his Sermon entituled, The natural Frailty of Princes.— (k) In his Sermon on the Death of William the Third.— (l) In his Sermon on the Funeral of the late King.

Queen as She past by the Stationers Company, he might ha' Sworn, to use *John Tutchin's* words,
 * *That I come to Look against the Government.*

I had the Honour to see the Queen on this great Occasion, attended with Persons, 'as Great as Eng-
 'land, perhaps as the World can show; for I here be-
 'held the Queen, attended with all her Nobles, Ac-
 'knowledging the greatness of God's Goodness to us in
 'those Victories, and offering the best Returns they cou'd
 'make for it.

I now fell to such a strict perusal of Her Majesty's Face (*For a Cat may look on a Queen*) as if I wou'd Draw it, or had the Ambition to Look into her Royal Heart: And the more I Looked, the more I Admir'd; it was with me (with respect to Viewing the Queen) as 'tis in Viewing a Rich Diamond, which when we think we have Viewed it all, some new Ray is darted, that still keeps up our Wonder, &c. Her Attendance and Equipage was Dazling and Glorious; and we might say of Her Majesty, as the Queen of *Sbeba* said of *Solomon's* Court, *That the half was not told us* †. Her Retinue and Jewels exceeded the Fame which we heard of 'em; but Her *P I E T Y* out shin'd the rest of Her Ornaments: For *Queen Anne* has declar'd, and we see has made Religion to be the principal Jewel of Her Crown.—The Thanksgiving Day, (in which I Be-
 held the Queen) was an Illustrious Instance of this Truth: Her very Presence and Looks put Vice out of Countenance, and her Flaming Devotion || was a Glimpse of Heaven.

* In his *Observator*, Numb. 77. † 1 Kings 10. 7. || At *St. Paul's Cathedral*.

A Satyr on Queen Anne.

9

But tho' I own *Queen Anne* to be the most *Pious* and *Glorious* Monarch that ever sat on the *English Throne*; yet still She is *but a Woman*: (tho' the best of Women) *And if a Cat may Look on a King; a Man (sure) may Look on a Queen.*

To tell the Truth, is the most Noble Office of Loyalty: Then however *Mad* the World may think me (for writing against her Majesty) yet I here declare (and if that be *Treason*, I must hang for it) if I find *one Blot or Flaw* in Her whole Reign, I will make it Publick. Nay, rather than not *Satyrize Queen Anne*, Her very *Perfections*, (by exceeding the measure of Human Vertues) shall be called *Vices*.

*For common Vertues may Mens Fame advance,
But an Immoderate Glory turns Romance. —*

D. Foe.

So that the Reader is here to expect a *General Satyr* on Her Majesty's Life and Reign.

For Method sake, I will first *Look* on the Imperfections of her *Body* ——— And next *View* those of her *Mind*.

And here, that our *Satyr* may be Impartial, I shall first *Look* on those Royal Charms that Adorn her *Body*; and then see what *Defects* I can find in 'em.

I can freely confess, that if *Personal Accomplishments* cou'd merit a Crown, *Queen Anne* might with Justice have challeng'd the *Royal Diadem*, even in an Island to which all other Countries yield the *Prize of Beauty*. *A Black Lady* (when Advanced to the *Royal Dignity*) is more Perfect than
other

other Women. Not but I shall find enough to expose in the *Black* (or *Royal*) Complexion, but (to avoid Partiality.) I must first own what Charms we see in her Majesty's Person: 'Tis here Nature did summon every Grace to meet in the Composure of her *Royal Body*: Her *Beauty* is truly mix'd, whose Red and White, Nature's own sweet and cunning Hand laid on; frank Nature, rather *Curious* than in haste, hath Compos'd Her with great Exactness, All Her Face and Body is cast in the Mou'd of *Royalty*. The Prize of *Complexion* and *Wit*, was disputed only till She was seen; but now all Pretenders have withdrawn their Claims, there is no Competition, but for the *Second Place*; wherever She goes, there are no Eyes for other Ladies: She Onely is present, and the rest of her Sex are but the unregarded parts that fill her Triumph. If I did not believe her a *Woman*, I wou'd call her an Angel; She has *Vertue* and *Moderation* stamp't upon her very Features. Nay, says *Truth* and *Honesty*, 'As soon as I came into her Majesty's Presence, I saw the Image of my own blessed Original in her Face; there are some secret Lines in her Countenance that signify meer *Truth* and *Honesty*; and whoever has the Eyes of *Truth* and *Honesty* to Look for them, may discern 'em.——But to descend to Particulars.

There is something Extraordinary in her *Eyes*, they sparkle with Majesty, and Mildness, at the same time, and shoot with such *Peircing Rays*, that all the Features of her Face shine the brighter by their Lustre.——Her *Lilly Neck* seconds the Charms of her *Village*——And her *Stape* is accompany'd with a *Gesture* so Graceful and Majestick, that every Part helps to make the Composure Admirable.——

A Satyr on Queen Anne.

II

Admirable—— All Men will own this, that *View* her *Majesty's Picture* in *Guild-Hall*, Drawn by the Famous *Closterman*, who Paints so much to the Life, that her *Real Person* may be said to be where you see her *Effigies*—— But to leave her *Majesty's Picture* (with all due respect) to return to her *Living Person*.

I shall further own, that besides her Charms as a *Black Woman*, her Person dazzles us yet more as She is a *Queen*; 'twou'd be no Flattery to say, that (as she is a *Sovereign Lady*) there is Majesty in her very Face, and such *Royal Goodness*, as makes every Feature shine with a treble Lustre—— *Black* (or what but inclines to it) was ever esteem'd *Lovely* in common Persons; what then must it be in a *Queen*, where there is both *Vertue and Majesty* to Innoble the Colour—— *Cowley* cou'd say——

And if she's Black, what Lover, loves not Night!

Charles the Second, (tho' no great Charmer, had he been a Subject) was call'd, *A Handsome Black Man*; and they wou'd usually add, *He had Majesty in his very Face*.

Our *Royal Anne*, not only Conquers with her *Gracious Speeches* (as well as the *Sword*) but Commands all our Hearts, as her *Hair and Complexion* has the first place in the *Rank of Beauty*. Neither do I flatter in this Description, for *Opinion is the rate of things*.—— And I never thought any Woman Handsome, but what was *just of her Majesty's Colour*—— I don't know how the Ladies of a *Red Complexion* will like this; but I am able to prove there is no *Beauty* but what is found in a
Black

Black Woman——Nay, there's such matchless Charms in Hair that resembles *Fet* (or is dark Brown) that the Lady hat has it may pass for a Beauty, let her Person be what it will.——If I am mistaken, I ask pardon of the *Fair Ladies*: And if in a *Discourse of Beauty* (so large an Empire) I shou'd wander, it will become their Goodness to set me right.——However, till Madam *Laureat*, (I mean the *Fair* and Ingenious *Astel*) has proved the contrary, i'll praise no Colour but what resembles the *Night*; and as 'tis Queen *Anne's* Complexion, 'tis a sort of *Loyalty now to admire* (or perhaps to Look on) a *Black Woman*.

Thus (Reader) you see how Impartial I have been to those *Outward Charms* that Adorn her Majesty's Person (and I'll be as just in my *Satyr* upon 'em.)

But (Reader) perhaps you'll say, If her Majesty's *Body* be thus Lovely, &c. (which is but the *Mold of her Royal Mind*) what must her Soul be?

To this, I answer,——I can't deny, but if *Sublime Goodness* deserves the Supream Command, (*Queen Anne is so far above Satyr*) She seems destin'd for the Empire of the World——But the Best of her Charms, is, that all those *Vanities* which others are most taken up in, are much below her= She never does any thing as a *Diversion* only——Her very *Dress* is most Ornamental; but (yet so Plain as) it does not require half a *Life* to the putting it on, as most Women use.——The *Thoughts* of her Mind, I might liken to Angels——Her pure *Understanding* (so far as it respects the Church) unto those *Intellectual Creatures*, which are present

sent with God. — And her *Discourse* is never upon trivial Vanities. — And her. — But no more of her *Vertues* here (*for they are what I must blacken anon*) 'tis her *Royal Person* I'm now to *Satyrize*; and therefore I shall next proceed (*for I'll be as Impartial to the Beauties, as I will to the Defects of her Body*) to those other Perfections in her Majesty's Person that deserve Praise.

And here I must own, that as the *Outward Charms* of her Body were so *singular and matchless* that my Pen cou'd not tell 'em half; so I shou'd find as *many things* to admire, might I presume so far as to *Look on her Inward Parts*.

These, &c. are the *Personal Graces* of Queen Anne; but *something* I shall find in 'em that render these *Charms displeasing*.

Hence see the Misfortune of being a *Woman*, for these Corporal Perfections, by being found in her *Majesty*, have lost there Lustre all of a sudden, and are what I am going to *Satyrize*.

And here, that I may lessen Queen Anne's *Personal Charms*, in the best method I can I shall first look on her Body. — And next her Beauty. —

As to her Body, ('tis no Treason to tell the World) 'twill bear a *Satyr from Head to Foot*. There is no Perfection without an If, or a But, there are very few Princes ' (tho' like Queen Anne ' they had a Title to their Crowns in Nature, and ' Superiour Merit, before they wore it) that want

'Faults either in Body, or manners: But there are a great many who are proud of the faults, which it wou'd be easie for them to amend. I confess this no ways concerns the *Person* of *Queen Anne*, for (as *Bishop Fowler* observes) (a) *She is like our late Gracious Queen Mary, in Hearty Zeal, for the Reformation of her People's manners.*—But tho' her Majesty places the Glory of her Reign in defending our Religion; and suppressing Vice, yet her *Royal Person* deserves our Satyr, for *Humanum est Errare*; and therefore as *Woman*, she cannot be faultless; *St. Peter* (b) calls her *the weaker Vessel*, and perhaps this was the Reason the *French Tyrant* contemptuously said: *It was but a Woman had declared War against him*; 'tis true the worst I can say of her *Person*, is this, that she is a *Woman*; for had she been a *Man*, (she so out-shines all the Monarchs that reign'd before, her) I shou'd ha' thought her a *Seraphim*.

But perhaps 'twill be said, *You came of a Woman, and have doted on two Wives; then how can you satyrize Woman, or speak against what you admire?*

To this I answer.—I own the Love of Women is rivited in our Nature, and our Blood must grow cold, and be congealed by Death, before this Flame can be extinguished; nay, many times it is more frequent, (*'tho' of a short Duration*) in our latest Hours, than in our Prime, as

(a) In his Sermon on the general Thanksgiving.—(b) 1 Pet. 3. 7.

when the Oil which feeds a Lamp is almost spent the *startled Flame* begins to rouse it self and burn afresh.— But tho' I respect a Woman, 'tis only as she is Kind, and Good, and not as she is a Woman; for Woman, barely considered as Woman, shou'd have my Satyr, were she *Queen of the Universe*.——

Woman! Look! There is Satyr in the bare Name, and (which shou'd make us dread to View her) there is *Natural Witchcraft* in her Eyes and Person; then let's fly the Sex in general; there's Pitch and Bird-lime in their Lips and Fingers, an Itch of *Amorousness of Skin* all over: A Man may as soon hug a Flame without burning, as not be fir'd if he embraces Petticoats. *Democrates* put his Eyes out to avoid the sight of 'em. In *Spain* the Jewish Women are not allow'd to enter the Synagogue, but they sit in a Gallery without; for they hold they have not so *Divine* a Soul as Men, and that they are of a lower Creation, made only for *Sensual Pleasure and Propagation*. I en't so averse to Women, as not to see 'em; but this is certain, the Body of every Woman (from the Queen to the Country Joan) is full of Danger, and there is not any can resist their Charms without the *Particular Grace of God*; *Strength* little availeth, *Sampson* sunk to the Ground; *Valour* therein is short, *David* found it; even *Piety* it self is not free from the Battery of a Handsome Woman; so that the bare Name of Woman, (tho' she were a Queen) deserves a Satyrical Look.

Woman! I can say nothing of her very *Innocence* that is Black enough; for the first Woman that ever liv'd, was (even in *Paradise*) a *Traitor*—

ess to her Husband, a Murtherefs to her Race, made a *Bridge* for Satan to pass into the World, and needs wou'd lodge him in her Heart, whom God had confin'd to the Pit of Hell.— *Poor Adam (even in Innocence)* fell into Swooning Fits, as already feeling the *cross thwarting Passions* he shou'd receive from Woman.

In a word, The *Body* of every Woman is a Labyrinth (or a perfect Satyr upon Man's Intellect) for we can Measure the height of any Star, Point out the Dimensions of the Earth, Examine the depth of the Sea; but, Where's the Man (or Angel) can Discover half the Imperfections of the best Woman. Our Sovereign Lady (tho' her Soul is as Wise and Holy as ever was found in a Queen) has many *Infirmities*, as she is a *Woman*. Then what must we think of the rest of her Sex, who only can deserve our Praise so far as they view and imitate *Queen Anne*?

But methinks I hear some Lady reply, *That I am a Woman, cannot take off from Vertuous Deeds; there's no Sex in the Mind: St. Peter bids Husbands dwell with their Wives, as being Heirs together of the Grace of Life, (a) Souls have no Sexes.— And St. Paul (b) says, There is neither Male nor Female, for ye are all one in Christ Jesus.— Prudence and Moderation, which are the two Principal Instruments of Policy and Government, appertain to both Sexes. There was in that Woman Deborah, wherewith to Inform Three Great Men; and this tripple Spirit which was given at once, and in gross, might have satisfied for the Government of Three Reigns, if it had been bestowed severally.— The Image of the Creator*

(a) 1 Pet. 3. 7. (b) Gal. 3. 28.

shines as clearly in Women as Men. And (continues this Lady) I believe there are as many Female Saints in Heaven as Male.

To this, I answer—— I en't so prejudic'd against Women (*as our present Sovereign is one of the Female Sex*) as to think this Lady *Wholly* mistaken in what she asserts: For 'tis certain *St. John* himself wou'd ne'er have written to a *Woman* with the same Pen of an Eagle wherewith he had written to the Angels and Churches of *Asia*, if he had not believ'd that a Letter written to a *Woman* might be as Canonical and Profitable, as Letters directed to *Angels and Churches*.—— But still I assert, that the Body of a Woman (*Quatenus Woman*) is a just Subject for Satyr: For tho' Souls of the first Magnitude (*as is seen in her present Majesty*) may be found in Bodies of the Second Sex; yet when we see the smallest Defect in a Beautifull Woman, we say it's pity, because one Cloud is enough to eclipse all the Sun. 'Tis true, the Imperfections in her Majesty's Person are shining Graces if compar'd with the greatest Beauty in other Women; but yet there's Defects enough in her Womanhood to justify this Satyr. For her very Sex (*as Woman*) suppos'd her Frail and Inconstant; and tho' *SEMPER EADEM* be the Queen's Motto; yet she is the only Woman has deserved that Character, since Queen Elizabeth. These Defects in Women (tho' ne'er so small and invisible) are Blemishes at which Envy levels. It wou'd be a notable Piece of Skill to change them into Perfections, as *Julius Cæsar* did, who being Bald, cover'd that Defect under the shadow of his Laurels.——

Thus

Thus have I fairly Viewed the Imperfections in her Majesty's Person (barely as she is a Woman) but here is still a Rub in the way of our Satyr: For say the Admirers of Queen Anne, You Satyrize what is not, or at best you can but half Satyrize our She-Monarch; for she is Woman but in Body alone: She provides against Ill Accidents with an Heroick Valour, as if she had nothing of Female in her but the Form: And as odd as this Notion looks (continue these Men) 'tis easily prov'd: For Woman at first was Created Man's equal, only the difference was in the Sex, Otherwise they both were Man.—

Yes, Gentlemen! But that shews she's Woman still, and that I take to be Satyr enough.

But, say her Majesty's Friends, Suppose she were All Woman (both in Body and Soul too) yet still we can't see how you can Satyrize Woman (barely as Woman) if you consider that such Miracles are wrought under the Government of Women as have not been done under that of Men—The Regency of Blanch was more Fortunate to France than all the Lives of its slothful Kings.—And Isabella the Infanta of Spain, has shewn to what height the Understanding of Women may advance in the Science of Well governing. Neither has our own Nation wanted Learned as well as Good Women, such were the Lady Jane Gray; and Elizabeth Queen of England stands to this Day the Glory of her Sex.—But none of the fore-mention'd ever shone with brighter Beams than our late Queen Mary, who had all the Graces of a Christian, and all the Royal Vertues of a Queen. And (continue her Majesty's Friends) is not our present Sovereign adorn'd with the
the

the same Transcendent Vertues? For has she not given her Subjects an 100000 l. out of her own Revenue, and taken particular Care of the poorer Clergy (then how ungrateful are those amongst 'em that Vote for Tacklers) by giving to 'em the First-fruits.—Look on our Gracious Queen in her Royal Person and Conduct, and you'll find her Heart is entirely English; she was made purposely for our Crown and Scepter, and her very Looks and Countenance wou'd command our Allegiance. In a word, Queen Anne is a Nursing Mother to all her Subjects, and Governs 'em with so much Spirit and Tenderneſs, that she resembles Angels who move the Heavens, not using in themselves the least Agitation; So that we may well say, this Divine Woman was selected out by God to set a Golden Face on the English Monarchy.

And therefore when we View a Woman endued with these Royal Qualities, and who (like Queen Anne) makes her Life the Example of her Laws, it cannot be said that Women (tho' they are but Women) are less Perfect than Men, without denying our own Experience, or the accusing with Contempt the Choise which God made of Woman for the Ruling that Nation which he himself had sanctify'd.

Besides (continue these Female Advocates) Women are more Charming in their Face, of a sweeter Voice, and more Spiritual in their Inward Beauty than Men, and (which further adds to their Perfection) Women alone, without Men, are able to produce Human Nature; and this is confess'd both by Turks and Mahometans, and we read of Isles where Women conceive by the blast of the Wind. So that Woman (barely considered as Woman) is made of better Stuff than Man; for if we look into Genesis, we shall

shall find that Woman was the last work in the Creation, and so the most perfect and absolute; as we see when Artificers make an excellent Peice, they keep Polishing till the last, as being the Perfection and Crown of it.

Thus (continue her Majesties Friends) have we fairly proved there no is Creature so Perfect, no Wonder so to be admired as a Woman. And (as these Men further assert) God hath heaped all these Graces on the Fair Sex, to the end that every Creature might stand amazed at 'em, Love, and Obey 'em; as we see by experience 'That incorporeal Spirits doat upon Women with most ardent Affections.

Then (conclude our Loyalists) if Women are such Angels as here describ'd, how dare you Satyrize Queen Anne, (who has conjoin'd in her Royal Person whatever is Excellent in all her Subjects, without the Vices of any of 'em) had she nothing but Woman (bare Woman) to command our Looks and Obedience?

To this I Answer, I own there is Divine and Noble Perfections in some Women; and that Women (if such as our present Queen) are fitter to Govern than Men: And for that Reason our English Parliament Enacted a Woman the Supreme Head both at Home and Abroad: And we are all so well pleased with Female Government, that 'tis only Women that now are prayed for in our Churches and Chappels, viz. Her present Majesty, Queen Dowager, and the Princess Sophia. I also acknowledge that Queen Anne is a Woman Great without Pride, Religious without Superstition: And (in two words) is that Glorious Queen her Friends describe her to be.

But——

BUT— (and where's a Woman without a BUT in her Commendation?) All this can't change her Sex into Man, so that were Her Majesty Woman but in Body alone, (or had she nothing of Female but the Form) yet we are still forc'd to call Her WOMAN; (or the weaker Vessel) and as such, is subject to a Thousand Failings; I confess, I han't yet discover'd 'em: for, Queen Anne (as if she were a WOMAN of a new or different Make from the rest of her Sex) has not yet made one false (or WOMANISH) Step in her whole Reign. But still (as she is a WOMAN) I may venture to say, she is not above Satyr.

Indeed the Loyalists tell us the Devil himself cou'd never tempt her to an Ill thing; and I find they are able to prove it; nay, if they call in their JURE DIVINO,* perhaps, they may make it out that she can't err, as she's Queen of England. But, tho' Princes are Demi-Gods, yet if we rake in their Ashes, we shall find them Men. Sure I am, no King (or Queen) is so great, or holy, but may err. I own, for a Queen to have her WOMAN-HOOD satyriz'd, seems unnatural, in a Man that admires the Sex, and was once tempted to think 'em Angels; yet it must be own'd, that a Woman (by being a QUEEN) makes her Failings the more publick: For, a black Spot is quickly seen in a Beautiful Face; and the Sun is more

* Or, Passiv: Obedience.

gaz'd at in one Hour, when eclipsed, than in seven Years when she shines brightly. But, were *Queen Anne* any thing else but a *Woman*, I shou'd think her perfect: But the Best of Women (for such the Loyalists call Her) are but *Women at best*; and therefore, the satyrizing Her Majesty's Person (that I might shew how *Imperfect* her Sex is) I hope will do good Service to the *English Nation*, since the best way to avoid Error, is to know it.

Thus, (Reader) you see, the Business of this Satyr is, to find out Truth, and to speak it; and I hope I have said enough against Her Majesty's Person, barely consider'd as *Woman*.

I am next to satyrize the Body of *Queen Anne*, as 'tis the Prison of her Soul; and as such, I shall prove it a *Frail Mansion of Mortality*. I have said my worst against Her, as she is a *Woman*, and I shall here forget her *Royal Blood*, and treat Her as *Common Clay*; I mean, as a Person, as liable to Death and Diseases as the poorest Subject in all Her Dominions.

And here I shall make it appear, That the *Queens Royal Body* is no better than *Domicilium Anima*, or a House of moving Clay: (the *Earthen Lodging of the Soul*) And as a Torch gives a sweeter Light and better Smell, according to the Matter it is made of, so does Her *Royal Soul* perform all Her Actions, better or worse, as Her Organs are disposed; or as Wine favors of the Cask wherein it is kept, so Her Majesty's Soul receives a Tincture

Tincture from the *Living Clay*, through which it works. Her *Royal Person* is but a *borrow'd Garment*, to make Her *Spirits*, for a *Time*, to appear upon this low and troublesome *Stage of Life*: 'Tis, in its *Prime and Vigour*, but a *Piece of Active Earth*; and when Her *Soul* leaves it, will be no better than a *Lump of Royal Corruption*:

How then can Man, at Heavens Tribunal try'd,
Stand unappall'd, be PURE, or justify'd;
From all Terrene Remains purg'd and refin'd;
MAN, who's descended of disloyal Kind;
Earth-born and Mortal? Lo! In Jehovah's Eye,
The Brightest Beauty takes a tarnish'd Dye.
The SUN's a Shade, the Starry Circlets Stains,
And what e're else seems great and glorious, Wanes.
What then is ANNE, how fading is Her Birth?
A Royal Mortal, sprung from Parent Earth.*

Neither has *Queen Anne* any *Lease* of this *Frail Mansion*; for Her very *Breath* is a *Tenant* at will to Her *Maker*, and whenever he sends his grim *Messenger, Death*, he will not approach Her on his *bended Knee*, but will struggle with Her till the last *Sands* in Her *Life* are run, and there is no turning the *Vital Glass*.

But, as if all this were not *Satyr* enough, (on the *Queen's Body*) I am able to prove, that

* I own my self indebted for this Poem, to an ingenious Manuscript (entituled A Paraphrase upon Job, in Verse) which lately came to my Hands, and wou'd greatly oblige the Age, cou'd the Author be perswaded to print it.

Her very Life is but a *Vital Death*. The Poet being asked what he did? Answer'd very well, *Paulatim morior, I die by little and little*. So that Her Majesty's Body subsists, as 'twere, by a kind of *Succession of Decays*; and consequently, Her Royal Person requires Restauration, every Moment, of what it loseth. If you ask me how I prove this? I answer, Her *Royal Body* does transpire, breathe out, and waste away, through invisible Pores, by Exercise, Motion, or Sleep, to make room still for a new Supply of Nourishment; so that the *Queens Body* (which sufficiently shews how frail it is) may be said to be *daily repaired by new Sustenance*, which begets new Blood, and consequently, new Spirits, new Humours; and (*I had not satyriz'd too much*) if I had said *New Flesh*; the old by continual *Decays*, and insensible Transpiration, evaporating still out of Her, and giving way to *Fresh*; so that I much question whether (*by Reason of these perpetual Reparations and Accretions*) the Body of *Queen Anne* may be said to be the same *numerical Body*, in Her *Middle Age*, which she had in Her *Childhood*: And that which is yet a far greater Wonder, Her Majesty's *SOUL* does in some Sense *satyrize* Her very *BODY*, for Her Body is to Her *SOUL* as the shadow of the Earth in the Eclipse of the Moon. See you not how this *Bright Star* (which illuminates our Lights) seemeth to be unwillingly captived in the Dark, but sparkleth to get aloft, and free its self from Earthly Impressions, so Her

Pious

Pious Soul does not only live indeed, whilst most of Her Subjects live only in *SHEW*, but readily untwineth its self from the Body well knowing it hath a Brighter Crown in; the Kingdom of Heaven.

But, perhaps, some may say, *This is a Satyr and no Satyr*, for han't we of late seen the Death of Charles the Second, James the Second, Mary the Second, and William the Third? And every one knows that *Kings and Queens* die. Then, how can that be a *BLOT* upon 'em, that is the Lot of every Man? It is appointed unto Men once to die. (a)

To this I answer — I own, the Thoughts of Death is no Terror to *Queen Anne*, who (like her Royal Sister) has learnt from her Youth, (b) “*That Repentance is not to be put off to a Death-bed* — But yet 'tis a Satyr on *Kings and Queens*, to say they are dying as fast as their Subjects, for it humbles 'em in the Height of their Glóry. *Lewis II. of France*, thought the Reproach of dying so very satyri-cal, that when he was sick, He forbade any Man to speak of Death in his Court. And the *Albans*, that dwelt by the Mount *Caucasus*, took it for a mortal Crime, once to name those that were departed — So that 'tis plain there is Satyr in Death it self, and that makes me assert that *Her Majesty's Body* is as mortal as other Lady's, for 'tis subject to

(a) Heb. 9. 27.

(b) See Arch-bishop Tennison's Sermon, preached at the Funeral of Queen Mary.

thres Hundred Diseases ; (for so many are incident to the Bodies of Women) and I hear the GOUT has been so bold already, as to lay Siege to her Royal Person ; or did she enjoy a PERPETUAL HEALTH, (which I never knew in a *King or Queen*) yet Age at length wou'd SNOW on her Head, and even WITHER Her into the Grave. All those Great Monarchs, who sought an *Immortality* in their Victories and Triumphs, have mist that, and found *Death* at last ; the Enjoyment of their Crowns and Splendours being bury'd in the same Tomb with their Bodies.

So that *Kings and Queens* (which shews what *Parasites their Adorers are*) are but *Common Clay* in the Hands of Death ; neither can their Favourites (or LIFE-GUARD) ward off Death for a Moment ; for within the *Hollow Crown* that rounds the *Mortal Temples* of a King, *Death keeps his Court*, and there the Antick sits scoffing his State, and grinning at his Pomp : Or, shou'd the ROYAL MORTAL 'scape *Feavors, Gout, Old Age, Poyson and Daggers, &c.* Yet, rather than Princes shou'd be *Immortal*,

*Comes Death at last, and with a little Pin
Bores through his Castle Walls, and farewell King.*

Alexander being much taken with the witty Answers of *Diogenes*, bid him ask what he wou'd, and he should have it. *The Philosopher demanded the least Proportion of Immortality.*

talioy. That's not in my Gift, says *Alexander*. No, quoth *Diogenes*? "Then why doth
 "Alexander take such Pains to conquer the World,
 "when he cannot assure himself of one Moment
 "to enjoy it?— Such is the Condition of all
 Things here below, (whether it be Empire,
 Riches, Honours, &c.) there is no more hold
 to be had of them than *Saul* had of *Samuel's*
 Mantle: They do but, like the Rain-bow, shew
 themselves in all their dainty Colours, and then
 vanish away. The Consideration of this, made
Sir Walter Raleigh close up his History of the
 World in these Words. "Oh eloquent, just
 "and mighty Death, thou hast drawn together
 "all the far stretched Greatness, all the Pride,
 "Cruelty and Ambition of Man, and covered
 "it over with these two narrow Words

HIC FACET.

So that were *Queen Anne* never so great
 and glorious, this Satyr is bound to tell Her,
 her Grandeur and Riches will vanish away,
 Her Royal Majesty will abandon her, Her
 Greatness will give her the last Adieu; and
 this MORTAL FALL (which I pray against)
 will equal Her in Body to all that were be-
 low her before; or if her Admirers doubt
 this, let 'em VIEW the Skulls of those Em-
 perors and Kings that are now in their Tombs;
 their bald Scalps have now no other Crown
 than the Circle of Horror which invirons
 them; their disincarnated Hands hold now no
 other Scepter but a Pile of Worms, and all
 the Glories of their Court now lie in the Dust.

Go to the dull Church-yard, and see
 Those Hillocks of Mortality;
 Where proudest Man is only found
 By a small Swelling of the Ground;
 Dig but a Foot or two, to make
 A cold Bed for thy dead Friends sake,
 'Tis odds but in that scantling Room,
 Thou rob'st some GREAT-MAN of his Tomb,
 —Flatman.

I own, 'tis a Course Satyr on a Sovereign Lady, to say "*She is living Dust, animated Clay, and going apace to Corruption*: But, tho' great Respect is due to a Crowned Head, yet I hope 'tis no *Treason* to say *Queen Anne* is a Mortal Woman. I confess, wou'd the Crown make the Person that wears it immortal, I shou'd not wonder there is such contending for Empire: But, alas! The Highest Place is most obnoxious to Variation. *The Sun is never so near a Declension as in the vertical Meridian*. *Julius Caesar*, that he may be wofully miserable, his Chair of State shall be his Death-bed. *Crassus*, for all his Bags, shall be slain, and scarce obtain a Shroud to cover his Nakedness.

It is a memorable Example that we have of *William the Conqueror's* Successor, who being unhappily kill'd, as he was hunting in *New Forrest*, all his Nobles and Courtiers forsook him, only some few that remain'd, laid his Body in a *Collier's Cart*, which being drawn with a silly lean Beast, through a very foul and filthy Way, the Cart broke, and there lay

lay the Spectacle of *Worldy Glory* pitifully, Goar'd and Bemir'd : Now if this were the Portion of so mighty a Prince, who immediately before, so *Glorious a Troop* attended; what then must others of *meaner Rank* expect and look for, but only with *Death's closing up of their Eyes*, to have all their Friends excluded, and no sooner gone, but to be as suddenly forgotten. Hence it is, that *Oblivion and Neglect* are the Two *Handmaids of Death*, and her Kingdom, where she principally tyrannizeth, is the Land of *Forgetfulness* : What better Fate had *Darius*, and *Alexander*, (Heads of the Third Monarchy) for see how they knock'd one against another, yet their very Names, as well as their *Battels*, are quite forgotten; and how little do they now possess of those many Kingdoms they once Conquered? And where is the *Great Cesar*? or the *Proud Pompey*? Can they now march in *Battel Array*, or in their warlike *Triumphs thunder about their Tombs*?

The *Death* of these Famous Monarchs might convince our Kings and Queens, that tho' they are called *Gods*, (a) they must die like *Men* : For though they may 'scape a violent *Death* (a Fate very common to Kings) yet I may venture to say, from the first laying of the *Mud Walls* in their Conception, they have mouldred away, and the whole Course of their Life, is but an *Active Death*.—— Nay, there's *Queen Anne* her self, (whose Royal Vertues one wou'd think should make her Immortal)

(a) *Psal.* 82. 6, 7.

even Forms her Words with the Breath of her Nostrils, and has the less *time to live for every Word she speaks* ; So that 'tis plain, our Sovereign Lady has no more to boast of (*with respect to the Duration of her Body,*) then the meanest Subject she has : For I have prov'd at large that her Royal Body is but a *Frail Mansion of Mortality, &c.* and moulders away apace ; and when she is Dead, (*which is a Satyr on her Health and Strength*) the poorest Beggar that's allow'd a Grave, is as Rich as the Queen of England ; (for en't I as Rich in my Coffin, as a *Dead Monarch?*)

*The Braggs of Life are but a Nine Days Wonder,
And after Death the Fumes that spring
From Private Bodies, make as big a Thunder,
As those which rise from a huge King.
Only the Chronicle is lost ; and yet,
Better by Worms be all once spent,
Than to have Hellish Moths still gnaw and fret
Thy Name in Books, which may not rent.
(A great Descent is Noble ; yet high Birth,
Must know that her first Ancestor was Earth.)*

I must own, my putting my self &c. on the Level with *Dead Princes*, will be thought an *unmannerly Satyr on Crown'd Heads*, but as I'm related to them in *Royal Adam*, (the general *Father of Mankind*) I am quite of another Opinion ; for tho' Kings be no Equals for Private Men, as they be Kings, Yet (*as they are Men*) they be ; especially as they are *Mortal Men*, and must die like others. And therefore I hold it no Presumption to say,

I am as frail and mortal as the greatest King or Queen in the World.

I confess this is a bold Satyr on such Princes who think they are made of *Finer Dust* than the rest of the World: But seeing no Man, since her Majesties Reign, *has been hang'd for speaking the Truth*, I'll dare to say it again, *I am as frail and mortal as the greatest King or Queen in the World*; and though this is a proud Reflection on such *Worms*, (a) (*for so David calls himself, though a great King*) as look on themselves (and their *Big Titles*) through a *Multiplying-Glass*; yet I find the best and greatest of Men have held an *Equality of Dead Persons*; and for that Reason have made a *serious Preparation for Death*, the constant Study of their whole Life.

Abraham, see how he beginneth to possess the World, by no Land-pasture, or Noble Lordship, the first thing is a Grave.—*Genobald*, Bishop of *Lundunam*, lay in a Bed made like a Coffin, for Seven Years together, to remind him of Death.—The first Household-stuff that ever *Seleucus* brought into *Baby'on*, was a Sepulchre-Stone, a Stone to lay upon him when he was dead, that he kept in his Garden.—The *Brachmans* were so much given to think of their latter end, that they had their Graves always open before their Gates, that both going out, and coming in, they might be mindful of their Death.—

(a) *Psal.* 22. 6.

And 'tis said of *the Women of the Isle of Man*, that the first *Web* they make, is their *Winding-sheet*, wherewith at their going abroad they usually gird themselves, to shew that they are mindful of their *Mortality*.

But we need not look into *Ancient Times* for Persons, that (*in their greatest Health*) have provided for their own Deaths, when our present Age abounds with so many Instances of this nature.——*Mr. Baxter* so bent his Thoughts on his *Everlasting Rest*, that he took his Pen and drew up his own *Funeral Sermon*, (or some helps to sweeten the rest of his Life and his Death) and calls it his *Dying Thoughts*.——*Mr. Stephens* of *Lothbury*, kept his Coffin by him several Years.——*Mrs. Parry* of *Monmouth* did the same.——And so did *Mrs. Collins*, till her Husband was buryed in it.——There is a Gentleman now living in *Dublin*, that marks all his Plate with a *Death's-Head*. *Mr. Thorp*, being in Debt, writ a Poem on himself, which he calls a *Living Elegy*.——And so did *Foe* (when he was bury'd) in *Newgate*.——*Dunton* writ an Essay on his own Funeral.——And the *Author* of these Sheets has lately purchas'd a *Grave*, and in this *Satyr*, (without her Majesties Pardon) he is following his *Hearse* to it.

But perhaps the *Criticks* will think I dwell too much upon this Subject, but the mortality of *Kings and Queens*, &c. is a just Subject for *Satyr*, and as it teaches us *several Divine Lessons*, I hope I may be excus'd if I gaze long in viewing her Majesty, and such other Persons that are *Dying* as fast as she.

The

The Hand of a *Dead Man* stroking the Part, cures the *Tympany* ; and certainly the consideration of *Death* is a fit *Satyr* to cure the swelling *Pride* in the greatest Monarch, &c. — *An Emperor of Germany* coming by chance on a *Sunday* into a *Church*, found there a *Misshapen Priest*, in so much as the *Emperour* scorn'd and contemn'd him ; but when he heard him read these *Words* in the *Service*, *For it is he that made us, not we our Selves*, the *Emperor* check'd his own proud *Thoughts*, and made enquiry into the *Quality* and *Condition* of the *Man* ; and finding him upon *Examination*, to be most *Learned* and *Devout*, he made him *Archbishop* of *Cologn*.

Mr. Franklyn (also) had once the *Courage* to tell *King Charles the Second*, (a) ' *That no Whoremonger, nor Unclean Person, hath any Inheritance in the Kingdom of Christ*. (b) *That he was Mortal as well as his Subjects* ; and therefore if he did not set them a good *Example*, he would have a dreadful *Account* to give when he came to die. — For this *Pious Boldness* *King Charles* gave him repeated *Thanks*, and promis'd him greater *Favours*.

But our *Present Queen* has so well practised her *whole Duty*, she has no need to be told of *Death* ; and therefore (like the *German-Priest*, &c.) I cannot expect any *Temporal Reward*, for telling her *Majesty*, she is (tho'

(a) In a Private Conference he had with him.

(b) Eph. 5. 5.

a Glorious Queen) no Greater than a *Mortal Woman*. 'Tis true, her Divine Soul is beautify'd by God himself, with the Title of his own Image and Similitude. But as to her Body, (for 'tis that I am looking upon) I find it to be no other than a *Piece of Royal Clay*, which Nature has kneaded into solid Flesh, (I own Queen Anne was born to (a Crown, and deserv'd it before she enjoy'd it,) and by that she is sifted from common Bran, but still she is but a *Mortal Woman*, (or at best but a *Mortal Angel*.) Or if she's Finer (which levels her Frailty with common Dust) she's more brittle Ware than other Mortals. So that you see Reader, (as Queen Anne is above Praise) so I scorn to flatter to advance my Fortunes, for I look on the Queen as a *Mortal Woman*, and such I have prov'd her to be.—But I won't enlarge, for I have been so blunt upon this Subject, that (instead of Rewards) if her Majesty condescends so far as to pardon the Author of this Satyr, 'tis the greatest Favour, I dare expect; yet when I consider that no Present, of what Value soever, can be suitable to one of her Pious Character, it gives me encouragement to hope this Memento Mori, (or Satyr on her Majesties Person) may not be less acceptable to her humble and mortify'd Thoughts, then a Pitcher of Water was to the Great Monarch of the World from the Hands of a mean Soldier.

Great Alexander caused his Page every Morning, as it were to awake him with a Passing-bell, sounding these Words 'Remember
' Sir

'Sir, that you are a Man,——and 'tis some Reward that I have the Honour to say to the Queen (a) of England,--Remember, Madam, you are a Woman—That you are a Subject to Death, the King of Terrors.--That of all the great extension of your Territories, there shall not remain one Foot of Ground, So jealous are the Worms of your Glory.——That your Scepter and Crown, are such feeble marks of Greatness, that Fortune sports with them, Time consumes them, and the Wind shall sweep away their Dust.

Now Reader, that thou mayest make a Pious Improvement of this Satyr on her Majesties Frailty, wherever thou walkest, fancy to thy self, thou hearest thine own *Passing-bell*, Ringing; and likewise let thy Conscience and thy Misery each in his Turn, serve thee as a Page every morning, to put thee in mind thou art a Man.——I mean a Portrait animated with Death, rather than with Life, since thou canst do nothing but Dye.—But in this continual Dying, amidst the Throng of Evils and Pains, which are enjoined to thy Condition; consider also, that thou art created to possess an Eternity both of Life and Happiness; for if thou wilt, Paradise shall be thine, tho' Hell gape to devour thee.—Therefore now up and be doing.——

In this Life many things make a distance between Men and Women, as the Greatness of Birth, the abundance of Honours, &c. but Death

(a) In this Satyr.

(as this Satyr abundantly proves) makes all even.—Survey Mens Graves, and tell me then who is Beautiful, and who Deform'd, all there have *Hollow Eyes, Flat Noses, and Gasty Looks, &c.* Tell me who is Noble and who is Base? *The Worms claim Kindred of all.* And if this will not satisfie, take a Sieve, and sift their Dust, and tell me which is which.

Lucian, hath a Fable, the Moral is a notable Satyr on Dead Princes: *Menippus*, meeting with *Mercury* in the *Elisium Fields*, wou'd needs know of him, which, amongst all the Ghosts, was *Philip* the Great King of *Macedon*?—*Mercury* answers, *He is Philippi that hath the Hairless Scalp.*—*Menippus* replies, Why they have all bald Heads.—*Mercury*. Then he with the flat Nose.—*Menippus*, they have all flat Noses.—*Mercury*, Then he with the hollow Eyes.—*Menippus*, They all have hollow Eyes, all have naked Ribs, disjoynted Members, all are Carcasses. Why then, says *Mercury* to *Menippus*, In Death there is no difference between the King and the Beggar. And it is true, *Mors sceptrā ligonibus aequat.* Men upon Earth, as in the Game of Chess, supply different Places, one is a King, the other a Queen, another a Bishop, another a Pawn; but when the Game is done, and they are shuffled into One Bag, (into the Grave) they are all alike. And to this purpose, How remarkable is the Answer of *Diogenes* to *Alexander*, What art thou musing on, *Cynnicks*, says this Monarch to him one Day, having found him in a Chornal yard; I amuse my self here (answers he) in search of thy
Fa-

Father Philip's Bones, among this great Number which thou seest; but my Labour is in vain, *One differs not from another, Death makes us equal with Kings*; and in the Grave, the Spade may challenge Equality with the Scepter: A *Winding Sheet, Coffin, and Grave*, is all that the Greatest possess when they leave the World. Philip King of Macedon, walking by the Sea-side, got a Fall, and after he was risen, perceiving the Impression of his Body upon the Sand. — *Good God! said he, what a small parcel of Earth will contain us, who aspire to the possession of the whole World.* — And when Alexander (his Son) dyed, one of his Friends beholding his Body, cryed out, *Behold now; Four Yards of Ground is enough for him, whom the Spacious Earth could not comprehend before.* So that a Grave and Six Foot of Ground, is all the greatest Monarch can call his own. William the Third (our Glorious Deliverer from Popery and Slavery) has now no more to possess, than just his Length and Breadth in the Earth.

Thus miserable, and wretched is Man, (the greatest of Men) in their last exit. — Adrian enter'd his Empire by the Port of his Tomb, (and to satyrize his Royal Body) he celebrates his own Funeral, and is led in Triumph to his Sepulchre. Maximilian the Emperor, did the same, and wou'd often follow his Coffin to the Grave in a solemn manner, &c.

Having Satariz'd her Majesty's Royal Body.

1. Barely considered as Woman.
2. As She is, (*tho' Queen of Great Britain, &c.*) a Subject to the King of Terrors.

I shall next Look (where I least expect to see any Faults) on her Majesty's Royal Beauty.

And here, tho' I own'd (a) (*as a Black Woman*) She exceeds all the rest of her Sex, yet that I may be as Impartial to her Imperfections as I was to her Beauty; I'll now View all the Faults I can find in it.

I said before, That I never thought any Woman Handsome, but what was just of her Majesties Colour, &c.

Yet I hope to find Defects enough in her Majesty's Face, to justify a Satyr upon it: 'Tis true, her Majesty's Colour has the first Place in the Rank of Beauty, and her Features dazzle us yet more, as She's Queen of England. But what Perfection is in all this? For even Beauty it self is no other,—But a charming Grace of Lively Colours, flowing from a Face that is ever fading.

*Beauty's a lovely Tulip to the Eye,
Yet loveliest Flowers we see do soonest die.
And 'tis but as we make it; since there are,
Which hold flat Noses, and great Lips most fair.
At best alas! who makes the fairest Show,
Is but a Dust-heap, silver'd o'er with Snow.
But to be Proud of Cloaths, is such a thing!
When every Beast doth Contribution bring:
The Sheep her Fleece, the Civet-Cat her Scent,
One Worm to weave another's Excrement.*

(a) In this Satyr.

This Devil, Beauty, is compounded strangely. It is a subtil Point, and hard to know whether it has in it more active Tempting, or more of Passive Tempted; so soon it forces, and so soon it yields. 'I own 'tis dis-
'ingenuous to rob Vertue of the Advan-
'tages it receives from Beauty, which makes it
'appear like Diamonds, enchac'd in Gold, and
'gives it a greater Lustre: Reason it self will ap-
'pear more Eloquent in the Mouth of a Pretty
'Lady, than in that of the most Florid Orator;
'and there are no Figures in all the System of Rhe-
'torick, so moving and forcible, as the peculiar
'Graces of that Sex.—Nay, a Learned Di-
'vine, carries this Point so high, as to say,
'The Atheist that disbelieves a Heaven, may look
'in a Lady's Face, and see a great deal of it
'there. But I must tell his Reverence, there's a
But even in Beauty it self, and might I here
give Reins to my Satyr, I should run o'er all the
Mischief I find in Beauty.—But I'll stop here;
for if we look in a Lady's Face (*The Seat of
Beauty*) we shall find they are grown so tempt-
ing, that *Adders* lie sunning in their Smiles; nay,
even *Basilisks* drink their Poyson from their
Eyes.—

Yes! for the Plague of Humane Race,
These Devils have an Angel's Face.
Such Youth, such Sweetness in their Look,
Who can be Man, and not be Took!

Or, were there no Temptation in a Pretty
Face, (or, had all Women as absolute Com-
mand

mand o'er their Passions, as Queen Anne) yet Beauty in its greatest Perfection, is but the May-game of Time and Sickness; and, which detracts from her Majesty's Features, the Beauty of the greatest Princess is but Skin-deep. And when we remember that upon the fairest Face is placed one of the worst Sinks of the Body, the Nose, we may use it not only as a Mortification to the Pride of Beauty, but as an Al-lay to the fairest out-side of Condition, which any King or Queen, &c. can possess.

I have read of a young Hermit, who being passionately in love with a young Lady, cou'd not by all the Rules of Religion and Mortification, suppress the Trouble of that Fancy, till at last being told that she was Dead, and had been buryed about 14 Days, he went secretly to her Vault, and with the Skirt of his Mantle, wiped the Moisture from the Carcass, and still at the return of the Temptation, laid it before him, saying, 'Behold, this is the Beauty of the Woman thou didst so much desire; and thus by (Satyrizing his mortal Angel) the Lover found his Cure: Neither had his Mistress been less frightful, had she been a Queen; for even Royal Beauty it self is but Time's fading Flower, which, as 'tis most delicate, it's as Volatile as Charming. It's like the Colours which Phidias drew, which seem'd most admirable to the View, but did suddenly vanish; If it has Being enough to be said to vanish. For,

What Beauty is, can never be assign'd;
'Tis in no Face, but in the Lover's Mind.

'Tis

'Tis true, there are those *amiable Graces* in her Majesty's Face, which plainly evidence their Original is from Heaven; other Women Rig themselves with a world of Art, to make People stare upon them; but the *Queen*, like Chrystal, shines with a Native unaffected Brightness: 'Whilst I view the Features in her Royal Face, and her inward Beauty together, at the same time, I am like one looking on Two great Lights at once; I am dazled with excess of Splendor. Paterculus says of Tiberius, His Countenance Proclaim'd him King. So Majestick are the Features of *Queen Anne*, that her very Enemies (if she has any) may see her Title to the Crown in her Royal Face. And I find our Ingenious *Annalist* of the same Opinion, for he tells his Reader, 'The Scotch Business being the most material Part of the Lord Haversham's Speech, the 29th of November, was appointed to consider of it, upon which Day the Queen went to the House of Peers incognito, both to hear their Debates about that important Matter, and to prevent Heats by her Majestick Presence.

Yet still I assert, that Beauty (tho' in a Queen) is no other than a gilded Nothing. 'Tis true, her Majesty's Face is fill'd with Inimitable Sweetness and Wisdom, and I might as soon find Spots in the Sun it self, as one bad Feature in *Queen Anne*; but still her Royal Face is a just Subject for Satyr: For can't a Rose shew more Beauty than her Cheek? And a Lilly boast a Richer white than her Hand? &c. Or suppose *Queen Anne* were a perfect Beauty, (tho' such a Wonder was never seen) yet when I

see

see the most *enchanting Beauty* that Earth can shew me, I still think there is something *far more Glorious*; methinks I see a kind of higher Perfection peeping through the *Frailty* of a Face; and this, (however Satyrical it looks) is the Case, with respect to the Queen. For, tho' as a *Black Woman*, I ever thought her a *finish'd Piece*, (Nature in this respect having done its utmost to make her Charming) yet her *Piety and Wisdom* so far outshines her *Bodily Features*, that (I shall *degrade* 'em so far as to say) they scarce deserve to be named with 'em. 'Tis true, *Beauty it self is such a silent Orator*, as ever is pleading for Respect and Liking; and by the Eyes of others, is ever sending unto their Hearts for Love; yet still there's *Mischief in Beauty*; and it must be own'd, that the modest Sweetness of a handsom Face, makes Men perswade the Heart into Immodesty. *Bathsheba* was neither a *Lyon*, a *Goliath*, nor a *Saul*; yet notwithstanding, with the glance of an Eye she powerfully quell'd him, who tore *Lyons*, trampled *Goliath* under his Feet, and refell'd the Power and Legions of *Saul*. So that certainly there is such a thing as *Wickedness* in Beauty, and then 'tis *Poyson* in Sweetness, or rather a *Pleasing Tyranny*. (*And a Vicious Soul in a Beautiful Body, I count as a Devil in the Robes of an Angel.*) I own this Imperfection in Beauty can have no Place in the Queen; for her matchless Love to the *Prince*, convinces her Subjects she's as *Chaste and True*, as the *Faithful Turtle*; but yet I have fully prov'd

prov'd there is no Perfection in her Sex, consider'd as Woman.— In her Body, consider'd as Mortal.— Or in her Royal Beauty, 'tho' (as a black Woman) she excels the rest of her Sex. Or were her Majesty perfect, (in the Particulars I have here named) yet, 'tis Satyr enough on her Beauty, to say, 'That the best of her Features are but a transitory Charm, a Flower which hath but a Moment of a Life, and a Dial on which we never look, but whilst the Sun shines.

Beauty is seldom Fortunate when Great ;
 A vast Estate, but over-charg'd with Debt.
 Beauty, like Ice, our Footing does betray ;
 Who can tread sure, on the smooth slippery way ?
 Pleas'd with the Passage, we slide swiftly on,
 And see the Dangers which we cannot shun.
 For Beauty, like White Powder, makes no noise,
 And yet the silent Hypocrite destroys.
 Beauty, thou art a Fair, but fading Flow'r ;
 The Tender Prey of ev'ry coming Hour.
 In Queens thou, Comet like, art gaz'd upon ;
 But art portentous to thy self alone
 Unpunish'd, thou to few wert ever given ;
 Nor art a Blessing, but a Mark from Heaven.

Then if Beauties must be lov'd, let us love them in the State wherein they shall never cease to be Beauties ; let us love them in the Glory of the Resurrection, where they shall be placed (by our Sovereign Lady) as Queens in their Thrones. But the most charming Princess on this side the Grave, is but Royal (or Varnisht) Dirt, and her Beauty but a fading Flower.

So that you see, Reader, whatever *Queen Anne's* Friends say of her *Mind*, (*which I shall next Satyrize*) they can make no Boasts of her *Royal Beauty*: For 'tis subject to Time and Death. And tho' 'tis more perfect in Queens, than in meaner Persons, yet (*if it 'ent Treason to speak it*) 'tis very imperfect in both.

Thus have I Look'd till my Eyes are dazled, on her Majesty's *Person and Beauty*.

Having Satyriz'd the *Royal Body* of *Queen Anne*, in as many Particulars as I think necessary, I shall next (*that I may pursue the method propos'd,*) discover the Imperfections of her *Mind*; and here no Vertue that is magnify'd in *Queen Anne*, shall miss of being lessened to what it is:

Perhaps some of her Majesty's *Friends* will think this a bold Reflection, but I have promis'd a *general Satyr* on her *Life and Reign*; and therefore shall seek for as many Failings in her *Soul*, as I found in her *Body*; or suppose, in viewing her *Face*, I had found her an *Angel Incarnate*, yet still it must be own'd, 'tis but *Half* a Handsomness at best; unless the *Mind* be furnish'd with those Vertues that write a *Woman Beautiful*: 'Tis true, all those Vertues meet and combine in her *Royal Mind*, that are needful to *Reform the Age*, and to *Vanquish the Forces of Sin and Darknes*s. Yet by *Gazing* on her *Royal Vertues*, I find such *Failings* to expose in them, as will convince her Admirers that *Queen Anne* is not yet *Perfect*.

And here that I may do equal Justice both to her Vertues, and Imperfections, I shall (*If*

a Cat may look on her Maiesty) first Look upon all those Vertues I intend to Satyrize in Queen Anne.

I shall Look on her Piety and great Zeal, to Reform her Subjects.

I shall Look on her Humility, and Great Condescension in accepting of Three Crowns.

I shall Look on her Gentle Reign, and Royal Heart, as entirely *English*.

I shall Look on her Fidelity to her People, and Ruling according to Law.

I shall also Behold, and Satyrize what her Friends call her Conjugal Love, and Great Respect to the Prince her Husband.

I shall Look on her Great Liberality, as it respects, (1.) The Church of *England*, in Particular. (2.) Her Subjects in General, and (3.) Those that are Poor and Miserable.

I shall Look on her Moderation, and great Tenderneſs to Protestant Dissenters.

I shall Look on her Royal Friendship, as it Respects her Particular Favourites, but more especially that Victorious, Noble, and Consummate General, the Duke of *Marlborough*, and his Loyal and Illustrious *Dutchess*.

I shall Look on that Surprizing Wisdom with which she does contrive, and carry on her great Designs.

I shall Look on that Indefatigable Industry, and Application, with which she does attend the Affairs of State.

I shall next Satyrize the Queen's — Generosity, — Justice, — Commiseration, — Civility, — Magnificence, — Credulity, —

and Affability, — And shall conclude with some sharp Reflections on her — *Sincerity*, — *Gratitude*, — *Loyalty of her Subjects*, — And *Excellent Speeches*. —

These being the chief Vertues that (are said to) adorn the Mind of our Present Queen, I shall give 'em all a distinct Look, (as they dazle on the English Throne) and then, (If a Cat may look on a Queen) I'll dismiss each Vertue with a Satyrical View. And I hope to Look with such Impartial Eyes (in this Part of my Satyr) as will give Satisfaction to all her Majesty's Subjects.

Or, if I don't succeed, yet I aim high;
And to dare something, is some Victory.

And here, that I may gaze on her Majesty's Vertues (in the same Order I nam'd 'em before) I shall first look on her Royal Piety, and Great Zeal to Reform her Subjects.

True Piety is the brightest Jewel in a Prince's Crown; and therefore I give it the first Look, as it exceeds all other Graces, and shines for ever.

The *Loyalists* tell us, her Majesty's Piety is as much beyond Imitation as Precedent, as making much of her Life (so far as it admits of a Sequestration from her calling as a Queen, to that of a Christian) but one continu'd Act of Piety. Do but view the Queen in her Personal Goodness and Vertue, and here (add the *Loyalists*) we find her a Second Elizabeth, raising up oppressed Vertue with her own Hand,

Hand, &c. and practising her self that *Pious Life*, she recommends to others.

We'll next look on her Majesty's Piety, as she is *Queen* (and the greatest Monarch in *Europe*) and here some that are near her Royal Person inform us, *She lives more the Life of an Angel, than a Woman*, she allowing (as those Loyalists further observe) the things of this World, in all her *Ascensions of Greatness*, such a value only as is commensurate to a limited Being, *never eclypsing God with her Shadow*, but making them a *Stair-case*, by which her Meditations ascend to more sublime Joys and Excellencies; not allowing any *Irregularity* to inhabit in her Affections, or scarce to enter into her Fancy.—

So that *Queen Anne*, (If we believe her Friends) by a *continu'd Series of Pious Actions*, has erected her a Throne in every Breast, (*the noblest Seat of Empire*) and will Reign and Govern there as *Queen*, till *She is Crown'd with Immortality*.

I might here *Look on the Queen*, as she sits on the Throne, teaching *Piety*, and Reformation, by her own Example. And here, that I may be as just to her *Piety*, as I will in my *Satyr* upon it, I will give the Reader a *Specimen* of it, in her own Words from the Throne.

In her Speech to the Parliament at her first coming to the Crown, she is pleas'd to say, '*My Lords and Gentlemen, I cannot too much lament my own unhappiness, in succeeding to the Crown so immediately after the Loss of a King, who was the great Support not only of these Kingdoms, but of*

all Europe; and I am extremely sensible of the Weight and Difficulty it brings upon me : But the true Concern I have for our Religion, for the Laws and Liberties of England, for the maintaining the Succession to the Crown in the Protestant Line, and the Government in Church and State, as by Law establish'd, encourages me in this Great Undertaking, which I promise my self will be successful by the Blessing of God, &c. And her Majesty concludes this Speech with saying, ' And you shall ' always find me a strict and Religious Observer of ' of my Word.

March 26. 1702. Queen Anne publish'd Two Proclamations, the one For Encouragement of Piety and Vertue, and for the preventing and punishing of Vice, Prophaneness and Immorality ; and the other for the restraining the spreading false News, and Printing and Publishing of Irreligious and Seditious Papers and Libels.

March 28. 1702. The Address of the Society for propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts, being presented to the Queen by the Archbishop of Canterbury, President, and the rest of the Members of that Society, her Majesty assured them, ' that she shou'd always be desirous to do her part, towards the Encouraging and Promoting so good a Work,

And in Answer to the Convocations Address, presented Nov. 6. 1702. Her Majesty is pleased to say, ' My Lords, and you the Clergy of the Convocation, your Zeal for the Church of England, as by Law establish'd, is very pleasing to me : I will always endeavour to preserve it in its Doctrine and Discipline, and take care of all your just

just Rights and Priviledges. I hope your Concurrence in this very Dutiful Address, is a good Presage of your Union in all other Matters, which is very desirable, for my Service, and the Welfare of the Church.

In her Majesty's Speech to the University of Oxford, 1702. She is pleased to say, 'I shall always have a particular Regard to that great Body, that is so considerable in its self, and so useful both to Church and State.

When her Majesty was at Cambridge, April 16. 1705. she made the following Speech to the University. I am very sensible of the Duty and Affection of the University, and of your constant Loyalty to the Crown; they may always depend upon equal Protection and Encouragement from Me, as from any of my Predecessors.

Her Majesty's Pious Care to Reform her Subjects is further seen, by the Order she made in the Privy Council, July 9. 1702. Wherein she declared, 'That she judged the selling of Offices and Places in her Household and Family, to be highly dishonourable to her Majesty, Prejudicial to her Service, and a Discouragement to Vertue, and true Merit, which cou'd and shou'd only recommend Persons to her Royal Approbation.

— And in her Proclamations, she tells her Subjects, Shee'll discountenance and punish all manner of Vice and Prophaneness, in all Persons of whatsoever Degree or Quality, and particularly in such as are employ'd near her Royal Person.

Thus the Queen endeavours to Encourage Piety and Vertue, to Oppose and Discountenance

nance, all *Atheism and Infidelity*, all *Heresies and Schisms*, and all *Vice and Wickedness*, of *what Nature soever*. In order to this, she daily sets in her own Person, good Examples to her Subjects, of *Piety and Devotion*, of *Temperance and Moderation*, and all other Vertues. And that she might *Reform* her Subjects, she thinks her self oblig'd (as much as she can) to look into the Affairs of the Kingdom with her *own Eyes*, and to see that all the Magistrates under Her, do their Duty in their respective Stations and Offices. This *Suppressing of Vice* is a huge Toil, but *the Grace of God is sufficient for her*; and by his Assistance, She'll be able to go through this great Task; and (I'll add) perfect that Reformation, which Her *Glorious Brother* begun with such good Success. And as she endeavours to *Reform* others, so she's as Zealous to promote *Piety* in her self.

Let us attend her to the *Chappel*, and there we shall find her Pious and Devout in Prayer, Reverent and Attentive in Hearing; and if she happens to *Sneeze* in the time of *Divine Service*, she dislikes the Bowings and Cringings of the Sycophant Crowd: Professing that in the House of God the distinction is the same, of *Meanest and Highest*, from the most Infinite Majesty; that we may justly conclude, her *Piety* to be as a Rich Diamond in the Ring of her Royal Vertues. *Constantine* always heard Sermons standing, acknowledging thereby, what Reverence is due to the Word of God. *Queen Anne* had ever a great regard to the *Church and Church-men*; whom she does Reverence for
their

their Function, and Love for their Fidelity.

As she is thus Devout on the Lord's Day ; so her Piety is no less apparent in the *choice she has made of Religion*: Our Gracious Queen is a *True Daughter* of the Church of *England* ; and is so well satisfy'd to go to Heaven in that way, that she tells the Parliament, ' *My own Principles must always keep me entirely firm to the Interests and Religion of the Church of England, and will encline me to countenance those who have the truest Zeal to support it.* She is at once a Dutiful Daughter, and an Indulgent Mother of the Church ; esteeming it (with that good Emperor) a greater Honour to be a Member of the Church, than Head of an Empire. Nor is she only a Gracious Patron of the Church, but also a Resolute Champion in behalf of the Hierarchy ; as well remembring that Prophe-tick *Apothegm* of James I. *No Bishop, no King.* In a Word, she is a Queen so Religious, so De-vout, and so Conformable to the Rites and Ceremonies of the Church of *England*, that if all her Subjects were like the Queen, we shou'd then have a Kingdom of Saints.

But tho' Queen Anne be a glorious Defender of the *Faith and Practice of the Church of England*, yet she has a larger Soul than to confine her Pro-tection to one Party: She Loves and Values the Image of God where-ever she finds it, and for that Reason, she has promis'd to Preserve and Maintain *The Act of Toleration* ; and to confirm this, she tells the Parliament, ' *I shall always wish that no difference of Opinion, among those*

‘those that are equally affected to my Service,
 ‘may be the occasion of Heats and Animosities
 ‘among themselves.

So that ’tis clear, (By her Majesty’s Recommending Moderation and Peace to all her Subjects)
 ‘they insult the Church in a most Scandalous and
 ‘Criminal manner (a) who say that Peace and
 ‘Union can be prejudicial to her ; and they give
 ‘too much Reputation to the Dissenters, who with
 ‘want of Manners, as well as want of Duty, call
 ‘the Queen Presbyterian, a Whig, and I know not
 ‘what, because her Majesty espouses this blessed
 ‘Principle of Peace. I am bold to affirm without
 ‘it her Majesty, cou’d not be faithful to her great
 ‘Trust ; God from on high, and Conscience his Representative in her Royal Breast, wou’d give her,
 ‘Majesty no quiet, if her Eyes by his distinguishing Goodness being open to her People’s Blessing,
 ‘she did not to her utmost power pursue, and with
 ‘her utmost Eloquence perswade all her People to
 ‘Peace.

But shou’d I Look on all the Instances of her Majesty’s Royal Piety, &c. I shou’d Gaze too long ; I shall only Look on her Order for Regulating the Two Play-Houses,———On her Zeal to Reform her Subjects in Scotland, (as well as in England)——And her strict Piety in observing of Publick Fasts ; and then I will shut my Eyes on her Majesty’s Piety, by writing a Satyr upon it.

(a) See Mr. For’s Review. Vol. II. Numb. 19.

In 1703. Her Majesty publish'd an Order for Regulating the *Two Play-Houses*, wherein she commands that nothing be acted in either of the Theatres, *contrary to Religion and good Manners*, upon pain of her High Displeasure, and of being silenced from further Acting.

In her Majesty's Letter to the *Scotch Parliament*, 1702. is this Expression 'It will be very satisfying to Us that effectual means be taken, for promoting of Religion, Vertue, and true Piety, and suppressing Vice and Immorality.—— And in her Letter to the Parliament of Scotland, July 11. 1704. She further promotes their Reformation, in these Words: 'We earnestly recommend to you whatever may contribute to the Advancement of true Piety, and the Discouragement of Vice and Immorality.

And he that wou'd look on her Majesty's strict Piety in observing of publick Fasts, must read her Proclamation March the 2d. 1705. where are these Words, viz. 'We taking into our most serious Consideration, the continu'd War, &c. We, with several other Princes and States of Europe, are most justly engaged, &c. Have out of our Religious disposition resolved, and by and with the Advice of our Privy Council, do hereby Command, that a General and Publick Fast be observed, throughout this Kingdom, &c. That so both We and our People may humble our selves before Almighty God, in order to obtain pardon of our sins, and may in most devout and solemn manner send up our Prayers and Supplications to the Divine Majesty for Imploring the Continuance of his

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Bes-

Blessing and Assistance, on the Arms of Us and our Allies.

Thus have I Look'd a while on her Majesty's Royal Piety, and great Zeal to Reform her Subjects, &c. And (notwithstanding the Faults I must find in it) I must own, 'Tis a Noble Testimony to Religion, from one whose *Parts and Endowments are as high as her Dignity*; as if Providence would not leave the Prophan Age room to say; that Religion was only pretended to by the Mean and Ignorant; but would convince them by the *Pious Life* of a Queen, every way so Glorious and Great.

This is that *Royal Piety* Queen Anne's Admirers bid us Behold in her *Private and Publick Capacity*, &c. But what Perfection there is in it, will appear by the following Satyr; however, at present I am *Viewing* her Majesties Piety; and whilst I am *Looking* upon it, I'm constrain'd to acknowledge there is such a Majesty in Piety and Goodness, that they beget at least a Secret Veneration in all sensible Persons. The *Lacedemonians* finding it their Interest to corrupt *Philopæmen* with Money, were yet so possess'd with a *Reverence of his Vertues*, that none durst venture to attack him. And 'tis not long since a *Wild Bravo* of our own Nation (a) acknowledged, that even in the midst of his wild Paroxysms, 'He had a Secret Veneration for a good Man.

So that you see (*Reader*,) there is good Reason that I should first Look on her Majesty's

(a) The late Earl of Rochester.

Piety, and give it the Preference to her other Vertues; for there is that *Irresistable Charm* in Piety, that even Wicked Men can't but (*Secretly*) admire it; and I am apt to think *naked Vertue* is so Lovely and Charming a Lady, that cou'd we see her with *Bodily Eyes*, we shou'd fall down and Worship her; and therefore, if by a narrow Search into the *Queen's Piety*, I find but one *Failing* in it, I shan't doubt but to *blacken her Lesser Perfections*, and so make good my Promise of Satyrizing *all the Vertues* in her *Royal Mind*.

Having Look'd so long on her Majesty's Piety, till my weak Eyes are almost *daz'ed* with the Lustre of it, I'll now see what *Errors* there are (or at least I can make) in it—so that here I am to write

A Satyr on her Majesty's Piety.

Zeal (for Piety, and a Reformation of Manners) is a composition of all the Passions, the Affections warmed and heated into a lively Vigour and Activeness, and this (whenever we see it either in the Queen, or her Subjects) is so far from being a Fault, that if it be made Regular with Prudence, and a Christian Discretion, 'tis good and commendable *always in a good Matter*: And certainly if ever it be seasonable for us to kindle a Fire upon the Altar, 'tis so when we are about to do Sacrifice to God Almighty; but we are commanded not to be *Righteous over-much*, (a) and Princes (as well as their

(a) Eccles. 7. 16.

Subjects) may *Err even in the Exercise of Holy Duties*; whether her Majesty be thus mistaken, must be the Subject of this Satyr.

We find that Saying—*Regis ad Exemplum*, &c. to be verified in Queen Anne; and if the bare Example of a Queen builds up Vertue, or makes Iniquity a Law, I hope I shall be excus'd if I ransack every Inch of her Majesty's Life, to find out such *Invisible Faults* in her Piety, as no Man ever saw but my Self. And whatever Success I may have in the search, 'tis enough for me, that the turning *Queen Anne's Piety into a Satyr*, will please her Enemies, (I mean) 'those Fiery Sons of the Church, who now fling about their Bombs and Granado's against the 'Dissenters, as if they were storming a Conventicle.

The *Inquirer into the Piety of Princes* search'd Rome, Muscovy, France, Spain, &c. for a Pious King, but search'd in vain; so that Royal Religion is a great Rarity; but not such a Non-Entity, but he might have seen a Pious Queen had he stept to the English Court. I can't but own (in spite of my Satyr) that Queen Anne's Piety and Wisdom has no equal in the whole History of Time, and (as was said of her Royal Brother) 'I heartily wish the exceeding Piety, and 'Candour of her Temper, the Extensiveness of her 'Charity, and the Healing Principle which on all 'occasions appears in her, may be the Pattern for 'the whole Nation to imitate.—And may all succeeding Princes, who shall sit on the Brittish Throne, have Hearts as entirely English as Queen Anne.—But tho' her Majesty's Piety, (as

as well as her other Vertues) exceeds the Religion of other Princes, yet I shall find that in it, I may venture to Satyrize.

Piety, (says *Guarini*) is but the Art of appearing Pious. This Definition (I own) can be no Satyr on her Majesty's *Piety*, as 'tis ever sincere and constant. But the Queen does not pretend to *Infallibility*, and her best Friends are ready to own 'tis impossible to find out Persons so Settled and Resolute in their *Piety*, as neither to be shaken with Temptations, or so Powerful over themselves as to resist the Force of their Passions——And to be convinc'd that there are none such (or none except the Queen) A Man need only reflect upon all the Actions of his Life, and consider whether any Interest of *Hatred*, of *Revenge*, of *Love* or *Ambition*, had never so much Power over him as to make him forfeit his Fidelity and *Piety*, whether it never happened that to gratifie a Woman whom he Idoliz'd, he revealed a Secret of Importance that was entrusted in his Bosom, whether the Fear of falling into Disgrace with a Favourite at Court, never hindered him to testifie the Truth when his Testimony was requir'd, to save the Reputation of a Person accus'd.——Lastly, whether *Jealousie*, or *Bigotry*, had never provok'd him to lessen the Reputation of those who differ from him in points of Divine Worship. Certain I am, that if Men will but seriously examine themselves, no Person alive will be found Innocent; but on the contrary, must be forc'd to acknowledge, that he has often fail'd in his

Piety,

Piety, when he could do it without fear of Shame, or Punishment.

I can't say but *Queen Anne* is an Exception to this Rule; but tho' her Majesty's Piety is not to be corrupted by Men or Devils, yet I may venture to say, 'She has not one Grace in Perfection; for St. Paul says, (a) 'If any Man think he knoweth any thing, he knoweth nothing yet as he ought to know.—'Tis true, the Papists endeavour to invest the Popes, and the Roman Church, with an *Infallible Perfection*; but Dr. Du-Moulin (b) has produc'd notorious Errors, approv'd by several Popes and Councils. I own any body wou'd think, if any Prince were infallible, it must be the Pope: For, (as the Author of *Royal Religion* observes) 'Tho' a Man with one Crown upon his Head might be a Sinner, yet he who has Three Crowns, and who claims the Divine Succession, and the Mission of the Infallible Spirit, one wou'd judge should be perfect. But (continues our Author) when we search into the Holy Juggle, and see clearly the Sacred Fraud, How Interest governs all their Pretences, and what prodigious Cheats are conceal'd under the Pontiff of St. Peter, we are convinc'd here is no Royal Religion.—

I cou'd add other Proofs that the Pope is no more Infallible than other Princes. And I pass by the palpable Errour in the Roman Church,

(a) 1 Cor. 8. 2.

(b) See Dr. Du-Moulin's Answer to Card. Peron.

whereby

whereby it is pretended that the *Saints* have suffer'd more pains, than their Sins deserv'd, since there is no Man be he never so Holy, but stands in need that God forgive him his Sins ; no Person (*I dare not except the Queen*) but deserveth Eternal Death, if God deal with him according to the Rigour of his Justice.

—God knows the most perfect state of *Godliness* which we attain to here, hath many Degrees of *Imperfection* in it, and in this we are so disturbed and interrupted by *bodily Indispositions*, and the *Troubles and Necessities of this present Life*, that from the Joy and Pleasure which results from it here, we can hardly guess at those Ravishing Felicities which will spring out of it hereafter, when we shall be perfectly released from all the Incumbrances of Flesh, and Blood, and Sin ; when we shall be translated into a free and quiet state, wherein we shall have nothing else to do, but only to *Know and Love, Obey and Imitate*, and have no *Imperfection* (either Natural or Vicious) to cloy or disturb us in this our *Beautiful Employment*, wherein we shall act with all our Vigour and Might, and thrust forth the whole Strength of our Souls in every Love, and every Obedience ; so that every Motion of our Souls towards God, shall have the Vehemence of a Rapture in it, without the violence ; when, I say, we shall be eternally fixed in a state of such *Perfect Freedom and Activity* as this is (which won't be till we get to Heaven) we shall then be perfect, but not before.

So that 'tis no wrong to her *Sacred Majesty*, to assert, that her *Piety, Humility, Moderation, and other Graces*, are all imperfect, and that she's as *Fallible*—as a Queen (sincerely and *Eminently Pious*) can be.—Nay I may venture to say, that in the Breasts of all those that are endu'd with *extraordinary Vertues*, there is one sort of *Ambition*, resembling that of *Victorious Captains*, and that both the one and the other aim (in their way) at the *Conquest* of Humane kind, with this difference, that Conquerors labour to subdue all Men, to be Masters of their Estates and Liberties; Whereas they who (*like Queen Anne*) are endued with *Rare and Singular Vertues*, study to possess the first place in the Esteem of the Vanquish'd.

Thus in *Satyrizing her Majesty's Piety*, I have searcht out the Causes of Good and Evil; and tho' it can't be denied, but it hath been sometimes *Good to have err'd and gone astray*; yet there be many *Spiritual Niceties* which Persons enquire after, that were better unknown than known; and if her Majesty (as I do not believe she was) was ever fill'd with a *Curiosity of knowing more then's Reveal'd*, that alone wou'd be Satyr enough on her *Piety*: However, 'tis Satyr enough to say that I can't call her *Infallible*; for is Errour any thing else but to think that to be true which is false, and that again to be false which is true; or to hold that for certain which is uncertain; or on the contrary, to take that for uncertain, which is certain. Now as these Mistakes are a blemish to the Mind of
Man,

Man, and such as are common to the best Persons that live, we can't say her Majesty is so *Pious* as she wou'd be, were she equally certain of all things, and that will scarce be, 'till she gets to Heaven; yet don't I think her Majesty errs when she holdeth a good Opinion of an Evil Man, not knowing what he is in Manners and Conversation; and (seeing there is no sensible difference between Falshood and Truth in outward appearance) the like may be said of any other Mistake; but this Concession does not Blunt the Edge of my Satyr; for I still assert that Person in an Error, (tho' 'twere the Queen her self) that assenteth unto any thing uncertain. 'Tis true it is said, *The Righteous Man lives by Faith*; but if Assent and Approbation be taken away, Faith also is destroyed; because without Approbation or Allowance, we believe in nothing. But tho' to Assent unto any thing uncertain, be a fit Subject for Satyr, yet if I'll do Justice to her Majestys Piety, I must acknowledge that to mistake, or to take one thing for another, is not to be adjudged a Sin; or if it be, it is the least and lightest. Neither did the Apostle Peter wander out of his Path; when, as supposing he saw a Vision, (a) he took one thing for another, in such sort, as through the Shadow of those Bodies wherein he thought he was, he did not know the true Body wherein he walked, until such time as the Angel parted

(a) *Acts* 12. 9, 11.

from him, by whom he was set at Liberty, being a Prisoner. Neither did Jacob the Patriarch wander out of his way, in supposing that his Son was slain by a *Wild Beast*, whenas he was yet living. In these, and such like *Falsities*, tho' we are deceiv'd, yet 'tis without Shipwreck of our Faith in God. But tho' such *Errors* (or *Mistakes*) can't be accounted Sins; yet they Satyrize her Majesty's Piety, so far as to prove, that Holy Persons (for such were the Patriarch Jacob, and the Apostle St. Peter) are so prone to mistake; as in this World Untruths be entertain'd for Truths; Truths discarded for Lyes, and Things uncertain retain'd for certain. I might proceed to Satyrize other Parts of her Majesty's Piety, (as her *Private*, and *Publick Acts of Religious Worship*, &c) but she was always so sincere and constant in the Performance of these Duties, that her Friends wou'd think me very *Prophane*, shou'd I Satyrize this *Devotional part of her Life*. However, I have made good my Satyr on her Majesty's Piety, by proving 'She has not one Grace in perfection; and having prov'd her as *Bad* as a Queen (*Eminently Good*) can be, I can't say more to *blacken her Piety*, shou'd I Satyrize her in all her *private and publick Acts of Religious Worship*.

Having look'd on her Majesty's Piety (*the brightest Jewel she wears*) and Satyriz'd it all I cou'd——I shall next Satyrize her *Humility*, and great *Condescension* in accepting of *Three Crowns*.——

And

A Satyr on Queen Anne.

63

And here, according to the Method propos'd, I shall first give a distinct *Look* on her Majesty's great Humility—And then (*If a Cat may look on a Queen*) I shall dismiss the Subject with a *Satyrical View*.

I make the Queen's *Humility* the Second Subject of this *Satyr*, as 'tis a shining *Grace*, and I think deserves the next place to her *Piety*, and as I design to Satyrize all the *Virtues* of her Royal Mind; if I can but *Darken* these greater *Luminaries*, [*Her Piety, Humility,*] &c. the lesser *Lights*, [*Her Friendship, Temperance, &c.*] will be clouded with the greater *Ease*. But I must not forget, I am now only to *Look* on the Queen's *Humility*, &c. 'Tis here I cou'd gaze for ever! Shou'd any one, saith *St. Augustine*, Ask me concerning the *Christian Religion*, and the *Professors* of it; I shou'd answer. That the *First, Second, and Third Things* therein, [*and all*] is *Humility*; sure I am, our Saviour hath made it the *First*, when he hath assigned *Self-denyal*, for the *Test* of his *Disciples*; if any *Man* will be my *Disciple*, let him deny himself (a) and it is so requisite for all the consequent *Duties* of a *Christian*, that a *Man* is neither qualified, to be *Taught*, nor *Obey*, nor *Suffer*, without it; nay there's no ascending to *Glor*y, unless we are first *Humble* and *Low* in our own *Eyes*; for before *Honour* is *Humility*, (b) God will *Exalt* the *Humble* and *Meek*; but

(a) *Luke* 9. 23.

(b) *Prov.* 15. 33.

64 *A Satyr on Queen Anne.*

beholds the Proud afar off. No wonder then Queen Anne is so Meek and Humble in all her Conduct, for this Grace is own'd as a sure Character of those *that belong to* the Retinue of an Humble Jesus; as 'tis certain her Majesty does; for the Lustre of a Crown is not able to dazle her.

As she was always like her self through the whole Course of her Life; so neither did she swerve from her self at her *Coronation*. 'Tis true the meer Apprehension of such an Honour in other Women (*for they are naturally vain*) would have begot Pride, Arrogance, and Disdain, not only of all their Sex, but of Mankind it self: They would have repin'd at their *breathing of Common Air*, and (scorning the Earth they trod on) have nourish'd an Ambition to walk on the *Battlements of Heaven*. Such *Viragoes* as these, being more Mistresses of their Tongues than their Ears, they would never have given our Sex a hearing, till they had been weary of talking. But (I can't but own) our Pious Queen, the more she was Graced and Dignified, the more she was Humbled, and was so little fond of wearing a Crown, that she told the Parliament (a) 'That
'nothing could encourage her to undertake the great
'Weight and Burden a Crown brings, but the
'great Concern she had for the Preservation of Religion, and the Laws and Liberties of England.

But tho' the Queen had these Humble Thoughts of her self, yet all her Subjects greatly

(a) As was hinted before in P. 48.

admired her, and thought none so fit for the Supream Dignity, as *Anne*, late Princess of Denmark.

As the *Queen's Humility shines in her publick Conduct*, so neither is it less visible in her *Dress and Apparel*, (and in what relates to her *private Affairs*, &c.) For whereas other Women (had they rose to a Crown) would have studied nothing but *Rich Tissues and Embroideries* to wear, and the most costly Carpets to tread on, she meditates *Plainness* in Dress and Apparel, and if I may believe my Eyes (*when I was last at her Majesty's Chappel*) is a great Instance of *Self-denial* in her Train and Looks; never was Majesty better temper'd: *She knows how to be Familiar, without making her self Cheap; and to condescend without Meanness.*

She has all the *Greatness of Majesty*, with all that *Humility*, which becomes a Christian: So that there is not the least appearance of *Pride or Passion* in any of her Words or Actions; for according to the Apostle's Exhortation, *She is Cloathed with Humility*, (a) and has in a very eminent Degree the Ornament of a meek and quiet Spirit, which (St. Peter tells us) is in the sight of God of great Price.

This is a general Look at the Queen's Humility; but that I may be as just to her Majesty's Condescending Vertues, as I will in my Satyr upon 'em, I will further give some In-

(a) 1 Pet. 3. 3.

stances of Queen Anne's Great Humility, in her own Words from the Throne.

In the Queen's Letter to the Parliament of Scotland, 1704. are these Words. 'We are resolved for the full contentment and satisfaction of our People, to grant whatever can in Reason be demanded, for rectifying Abuses, and quieting the Minds of all our good Subjects.

Her Majesty's Great Humility also shines to her English Subjects, in that distinguishing Regard she has to the poorest Persons amongst *em* (even such as are almost Starving) What vast Sums does she give to the English Poor every Year, out of her own Revenue? But in nothing does her Humility shine with a greater Lustre, than in her Touching Yearly for the King's Evil, so many Sick and Distressed People, &c.

Having Look'd so long on her Majesty's Humility, that I must (if I'll follow her Royal Example) be low in my own Eyes, I'll now see what Faults I can find in it—so that in the next place I am to write

A Satyr on her Majesty's Humility.

As there are certain Vizards so fine and so natural, that they can hardly be distinguish'd from the Countenances themselves; and others so clownishly and ill made, that they are easily discern'd. So there are some Vertues so well counterfeited that we take 'em frequently for currant; and others, of which the World easily discerns the Cheat. When we see a Person upon the Scaffold that faces Death with Resolution, and who chooses rather
to

to suffer than betray his intimate Friend by his Confession; to weaken such a convincing Proof of Friendship, it behoves us to *have sounded the very bottom of that Man's Heart*, to discover that his Friendship had a less share in that Action than his Vanity. But when we find People Glorious in their Retinues, yet always affecting the *lower Hand*, and upon all occasions pretending low Thoughts of themselves; there needs no such piercing Judgment to discern their *feigned Humility*.

We may say, and that not untruly, that it was in the Bosom of Courts that this *false Vertue was first bred*.

'Tis here Fortune enflames *Ambition* to shew the greatest Favours, and enflam'd *Ambition causes Courtiers continually to assume new Shapes*, and to act all manner of parts to obtain and extol those Favours. In other places she dispenses but petty Graces; whence we observe, That Men are more *Natural* in the Country, that they do not force their Inclinations, and study less to *Counterfeit old Vertues, and invent new ones*.

To discover therefore the falshood of this Vertue, it behoves us to consider, That *Pride* is so much the absolute Master of Man, that it is the Prince of all his *Internal Inclinations, and of all his Actions*.

We are also to observe, that *Pride is morally invincible*, that the meanest condition never abates it, no disgraceful or unfortunate Accident humbles it, nor can any Puissance make it submit;

mit ; So that a proud Person may well be trampled under Foot, but never be tam'd.

If Pride then Governs and Masters Man, and will never suffer him to be subdu'd, as we all find by Experience ; it is easie from hence to conclude, *That generally when a Man despises and rebukes himself, his Words betray his Thoughts ; and that every time he debases himself before others, 'tis only to exalt himself above others ; and that he would never act so contrary to his natural Genius, were he not convinc'd that there was nothing more proper to advance him than his own voluntary Low Thoughts of himself.*

There are other Murks to shew, that the Humility of Great Persons, is often no more than *Disimulation*. The First is, That at the same time that they seem to have such a *Scorn and Contempt of themselves*, they continually observe the behaviour of others towards 'em ; they constant by expect from others those Formalities and Respects which are their due. Wherefore *Guarini* said, That there was *no fair Weather so deceitful, as that which appears in the Countenances of Courtiers*, in regard that at the same time that they seem'd calm and sedate, a Word, or a Gesture would change all their Serenity into Storm and Tempest ;

A Second Mark is this, That they are smooth and supple, in respect of Persons useful to their Interests, haughty in their Behaviour to others. *Sylla*, said *Plutarch*, humbled himself before those of whom he stood in need, but would be ador'd by those that stood

in need of him. So that 'tis clear, even a Crown might be refus'd with Pride, and worn with Humility.

Now all these Marks confirm that Saying of St. Austin, That false Humility is great Pride; It also shews that that the Humility of most People is but a piece of unstable Cunning, to make themselves more esteem'd than they seem to desire by their Words or Actions; so that the Humility of most People is only a disguis'd Pride, and visible Hypocrisy. And of this we have a famous Instance in the Duke of Monmouth, who was so much applauded for his Courteous Carriage to all Men, that at last he grew proud of his very Humility. I confess her Majesty's Royal Humility, has none of those Imperfections (that I have here mention'd, or) that is seen in other Persons. For Queen Anne's Humility is both Sincere and Pious; and being Copied from the Humility of the Primitive Christians, is a fit Pattern for all her Subjects to imitate; but we shou'd more especially follow her Royal Humility, in what relates to her zealous endeavours to promote Peace and Union among her Subjects. — To her distinguishing Care for the Poor. — To her readiness to Relieve such as are Sick and Distress'd. — To her modest Plainness in Dress and Apparel. — And to that great Self-denial which appears in all her Actions. —

I must also own, that Queen Anne's Royal Vertues (were it for nothing else but her great Humility) did set her so far above a possibility of being advanc'd by an Earthly Diadem, &c. that her Majesty really humbled her
 self.

70 *A Satyr on Queen Anne.*

self; (or rather condescended for the good of her Subjects) in accepting of Three Crowns.

So that my Satyr on false Humility, can no ways concern her Majesty, as she is a Queen of that *Humble* (and sincere) *Piety* as is no where to be found but in her *Royal Person*, for the Pride of other Women shuts their Understandings against those Lights that discover Women to themselves, and only carries 'em to the practice of those *Flattering Vertues* that immortalize their Reputation: But *Queen Anne*, (I had almost said) is the only Person who has the *Piety* to humble her self before God, by her acknowledgment of that *Nothingness* out of which all Persons were first Created, and of that miserable Condition to which Sin has first reduc'd 'em; and I presume to say, this Satyr on the *Queen's Humility*, will not in the least displease her; for they that intend to inhabit the Regions of Bliss, constantly pray for an *Humble Spirit*; for tho' (as *Kings and Queens, &c.*) they are *Great* in the Eyes of the World; yet (as serious Christians) they are always *Little* in their own.

But tho' we are Bless'd with a *Queen that is Religiously Humble*; yet thus far I'll Satyrize her *Royal Humility*, as to assert that the Humility of Christians, that tax themselves for many Defects of which they never were guilty (as far as that Mistake extends) 'tis a taking that for Humility which is not, and to mistake one thing for another, is certainly an Error, and when 'tis a *Royal Error*, 'tis aggravated by the Greatness of the Person that falls in-

into it. — Nor does *Humility* consist, (*which is a further Satyr on Humble Princes*) in the Confession that a Man makes, that he is *beholding for his Being*, and all his Blessings, both Natural and Supernatural, to the pure Goodness of God; for it behoves him moreover, (with all *Humility*) to acknowledge that his *Understanding is full of Error*, that his *Inclinations are all deprav'd*, and that he is by *Nature* (*tho' the greatest King or Queen in the World*) *nothing in the sight of God*.

I shou'd next proceed to Satyrize her Majesty's *Fidelity, Wisdom, Conjugal Love, Moderation, Generosity, Justice, Friendship, Sincerity, Magnificence, Liberality, and Eloquent Speeches, &c.* But these are Subjects that deserve a large and distinct Look; and therefore my Satyr on these Vertues, must be reserv'd for a *Second, and Third Part*, which (*By Looking so long on the Queen*) will compleat my Satyr on her present Majesty.

Thus have I finish'd *my first Satyr on Queen Anne*, which tho' it discovers her *worst Failings*, yet it owns her to be the very best of Women; and for that Reason, some will be ready to say, This is a *Satyr and no Satyr*. If my Readers will be such *Tackers*, (I mean such Men who had they Power, have shewn they want not the will to destroy us) I can't help it; for, if I han't found any *Real Faults* in her present Majesty, I have labour'd

‘ to do it, by a narrow Search into her
 ‘ whole Life, &c. But if after all my
 ‘ Endeavours to Satyrize Queen Anne,
 ‘ her very Secrets are Pure and Holy; (as
 ‘ indeed they are) my Satyr is not the
 ‘ less a Satyr on that Account; For if
 ‘ Queen Anne had liv’d worse, the World
 ‘ should have known it.

To Conclude.——When I first entred
 upon this Satyr, tho’ the Subject pleas’d
 me (for I had a mind to Look if there
 was one Blot in her Majesty’s Person and
 Reign, but I can find none) yet not
 ‘ knowing but some might Condemn it
 ‘ to die as soon as born, and perhaps such
 ‘ that were no Enemies to the real de-
 ‘ sign of the Author: (a) The fear of
 ‘ this made me Reflect on a pretty Passage
 ‘ very like this, of a Book written in the
 ‘ last Age to prove *Women had no Souls*,
 ‘ wherein were amass’d up Scriptures,
 ‘ Authorities and Reasons, to prove the
 ‘ Assertion, and all the Arguments to the
 ‘ contrary answered: This was the Face
 ‘ of the Book, but the real Design was
 ‘ to expose the Arguments of the Socinians

(a) As I formerly hinted in my Satyr upon King William.

against

‘ against the Divinity of our Saviour, &c.
‘ However, some good honest Man there
‘ was, who happen’d upon the Book (as
‘ perhaps some Loyalists (I mean such as are
‘ Friends to her Majesty,) may do upon this
‘ Satyr, and not seeing through it, conceiv’d a mighty Indignation against the
‘ Person who endeavour’d to propagate
‘ such an *Antiquated Heresy*, and sets
‘ himself in good earnest to write an *Answer* to it, to prevent the Mischief it
‘ might do in the World: Wherein he
‘ did very gravely Refel all the Authorities and Reasons that *Wag* had laid
‘ together.

○ I scarce think this Satyr on *Queen Anne* will meet with the same Fate. But that none may be scar’d with a *Title Page*, and now and then the Word Satyr in fearful great Characters, &c. I have led the World by the Nose into the Design thereof, and by this *Conclusion*, let the Reader (if he is not a stark Fool) into the *Treason*, (or rather Loyalty) of this sounintelligible a Work; but I must stop here, or before I am aware, I shall write my self into a *Convert*, and a *Loyal Subject*; and but that the Title is Printed off, I might as
proper-

properly have call'd these Sheets, *A Panegyrick, as a Satyr on Queen Anne.*

I shall only add,——I have said nothing in this Satyr, but what is my Real Thoughts of her Majesty) free from all manner of Banter and Disloyal Ironies.) And whoever Suspects or Asserts the contrary, does me unspeakable Wrong. But no Man can doubt my Sincerity in this matter, that reads——My Satyr on King William, —— My late Character of Queen Anne, (a)——Or the Fourth Edition of my Satyr upon the Tackers, Publish'd by B. Bragg, in Ave-Mary-Lane.——Or, if after this Assertion, any shall be so Ungenerous as to say, I had an Ill (or so much as an Unmannerly) Design in the Writing of this Satyr, as a further Proof of my Innocence, I here declare, That upon the least notice from Court, I'll appear in Person to own my self the Author of it; for there is nothing in this Satyr inconsistent with Truth and Loyalty: And as we have a Gracious and Merciful Queen, I am willing to

(a) To be found in the History of my Life and Errors.
P. 412.

live or die by her Majesty's own Sentence:
 Which I hope will be the more Fa-
 vourable, as my Satyr upon her is all
 Truth: But as the PEA-EABLE FOE,
 says of himself, ' If the Truth must be
 ' Punish'd, I must be Punish'd — But
 ' Truth can never offend Queen Anne ;
 ' nay, I think it wou'd be an Affront to
 ' her Majesty, to suggest she can be offend-
 ' ed with me for speaking the Truth.

F I N I S.

Advertisement.

THere is Preparing for the
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tion of the Satyr upon King
William, with such large Addi-
tions as compleat the Satyr up-
on his Life and Reign. *Writ-*
ten by the Author of the Satyr
upon Queen Anne.

Reader, wipe your Eyes clear; for having done with Satyr, I'll conclude with a short Panegyrick. i. e. I will here shew you the several Jewels in the Crown of England.

1. **T**HE First you fix your Eyes upon, is the Jewel *Innocence*; so clear, that Chrystal wou'd be a Spot in it. The Virtue is this, it darkens others Eyes, but can it self receive no Blemish; it is no Colour, but a Lustre.

2. The next Jewel is *Fortitude*, a Round Stone, the Virtue lies within; where if you look you shall see, to your thinking, the Beauty of a Glorious Creature Crown'd, and Arm'd Cap-a-pe with many stout Commanders; the Banners bearing this Motto in them, *Vive la Reine*, a Stone of most unvalued Price, and worth your seeing.

3. The Third Jewel is *Patience*, a Stone that can cure the Disease of a whole Nation, if it be not abus'd by too much Handling.

4. The Fourth Jewel is *Peace*, a Jewel not for every Eye to look on, for it hath made some Blind; in it self Glorious, and of much Virtue.

5. The Fifth Jewel is *Moderation*, a Stone very scarce, but is found in the Diadem, and most *English* Coronets. He that can truly view it, shall find it work upon the Soul; it is the only thing in the Earth to cure a Man corrupted with Idle Jealousies.

6. The Sixth Jewel is term'd *Royal Anger*, a Stone that shews a clear Flame, yet appears burning and dangerous. It is not to be touch'd, but discern'd at a Distance. As you stand and look on it, it looks flaming; when you kneel, the Fire seems to vanish.

7. The next Jewel to this, is the Jewel *Justice*; a Stone four-square: You can stand no Way but it seems to be in your Eye, and appears Square, which

Way soever you turn it. It is a Stone so full of Glory, many are afraid to look on it; yet they that have good Eyes, may view it freely. Let any Traitor look upon it, his Eyes will presently be Blood-shot: Therefore it is call'd by some, *A Touch-stone for a Traitor*. I would not have a Tacker look on it, for Fear of spoiling his Eyes.

8. The Eighth Jewel is call'd *Mercy*, a Stone of a most delicious Colour, and pleaseth every Eye: It preserveth good Eyes, and cureth sore ones, if they be not too dangerous. It contenteth a good Nature, but many Times makes a bad one worse.

9. The Ninth and last Jewel is *Piety*. I describe this last, as it shews of State, *the Greatest always goes last*.

“ The QUEEN, as she was always, when in Her
 “ most private State, an Example of Goodness and
 “ Piety, since Crown'd Her self, has declar'd, and as
 “ we see, has made *Religion* to be the principal Jewel
 “ of Her Crown. She publicly profess'd, on Her
 “ Accession to the Throne, the Concerns of GOD
 “ and Her Country, to be Her sole Interest. And
 “ *August* the 19th, (which Her MAJESTY has appointed to be kept as a Day of Publick Thanksgiving, for the late Glorious Victory near *Audenarde*) will be an Illustrious Instance of it.

“ It is a common Saying, the Kings and Queens of
 “ *England* are in their true Glory, when at the Head
 “ of their Parliament: But surely never more so, than
 “ in such a Parliamentary Appearance, in the House
 “ of God; where we may be assur'd, He himself is
 “ in the midst of us, pleas'd with the Sacrifice of our
 “ Thanks for his late Blessings, and ready to grant us
 “ new ones.

“ And indeed, from such a Universal Concurrence
 “ in this Religious Act, what Encouragement may
 “ not the true Religion, and Virtue expect? Since not
 “ only the QUEEN, but all Her Senators, have all
 “ in their several Councils, declar'd their Resolution
 “ to strengthen and support the Establishment of our
 “ Religion; and the keeping *August* the 19th, as a Day
 “ of Publick Thanksgiving, will be an evident Demonstration of their Pious Intentions,



